

# Negro Authors Must Eat

By GEORGE W. JACOBS

NOT long ago a Negro author addressed an audience of which I was a member. For no reason beyond the possible squeamishness of his own conscience, he apologized for certain unwholesome nuances in one of his latest works; and in doing so he uttered these three words: "Authors must eat."

My mind drifted back to the childhood of man. I gazed upon a hairy fellow poised upon a crag, playing a lute. Unconscious of an audience, oblivious of possible audiences, he played. For the moment he was enchanted by the sublime fact of nature. Suddenly the fellow stopped, leaped from the crag, and with his lute tucked under an arm raced toward a glade in the jungle where a dinosaur had just been slain. As the hunters hacked away at their respective portions of the kill, the lutist struck up a wanton tune that he had heard in a certain fancy cave. One of the hunters winked at him knowingly; then tossed him a luscious dinosaur ear. When the lutist had eaten, he trudged away in the direction of his crag. From time to time he held his lute up before his eyes, focusing upon it a gaze both apologetic and caressing. Finally he said in a tone of resignation not untinged with remorse: "Oh well, lutists must eat."

In spite of the efforts of the lecturer I remained unconvinced that even the Negro author is justified in burdening his interpretation of nature with the servilities of a steward. Other men have shunted the burden of their support into channels separate from their art. Aeschylus was a soldier and public official. Sophocles was a general and the commander of a fleet. Cervantes was a naval commissary and tax collector. Art to them was more than a mere purveyor of groceries. "The literature of a people," wrote Lowell, "should be the record of its joys and sorrows, its aspirations and its shortcomings, its wisdom and its folly, the confidant of its soul."

One of the opportunities which presented itself to the Negro writer at the close of the late war was that of destroying the racial stereotypes, the perpetuation of which now precludes the possibility of any immediate "literature of a people." Ten years ago the passion for a candid and comprehensive delineation of every phase of Negro life was such that the literate world clamored for the Negro of artistic ability as it had clamored at no previous time since the emancipation of the race. In response to those clamors, the Negro writers of New York, to whom I shall confine this discussion, plunged beneath the surface of their environment; they hoisted the sewer system to one's very nose and, amid the jingling of many shekels, insisted that this was all that there was of black Harlem.

Almost from the beginning certain white writers saw in the Negro writers' efforts to respond to these demands a politer form of amusement than that afforded by any of the

Harlem night clubs. They trekked up the little colored boys and girls the path to Parnassus, redefined "the literature of a people" as "the record of a people's shortcomings and its follies." However, now that the clamors have become less insistent, one discovers with more regret than surprise that those Negro writers who had the privilege of being patronized along the way to Parnassus have ebbed with the tide of interest. Many of them had passionately and honestly sought escape through art. They found new shackles in artistic patronage. The public ceased to accept the summary disposal of two hundred thousand Harlem Negroes in the words: idiotic, amoral, hyper-sexual.

The present Negro fiction writers of Harlem fall into two general types. One type subscribes unapologetically to the sensational. The other type subscribes no less unapologetically to a solitary contemplation of a black savage dropped bodily into a white culture. The prostitute is the high priestess of the first type. Negro primitivism is the creed of the second. Extremists both.

Harry Hansen in reviewing Maxwell Bodenheim's "Georgie May" objected to the chief character on the ground that prostitutes as a whole are so free from inhibitions or nuances that their portrayal is unworthy of a writer capable of describing complex characters. There is merit in that criticism. Nevertheless, even among the Georgie Mays there are many individuals who, despite their flouting of conventional morality, possess personal codes of ethics, anti-social though they may be, which present a fascinating bundle of contradictions. If I object, then, to the role that the prostitute plays in latter-day fiction by Negroes, it is not on the ground that she lacks complexity of character, but on the ground that she is portrayed out of the depths of ignorance. She is, with scarce an exception, endowed with a physical hideousness, born of the ancient superstition that only the good should be presented as beautiful. She is endowed with a bestiality possible only to the vulgar rich.

Regarding the second type of Harlem fiction, this cult, like the harlotsque, was born along the path to Parnassus. One of the white apostles of the bizarre had chanced to see an "over-ginned" Negro girl "get loose" in a Harlem Honky-Tonk. "What perfect abandon! How delightfully primitive!" that apostle had exclaimed. Once in Buffalo I saw a white woman similarly alcoholic and similarly voluptuous in her dancing. Somehow it never occurred to me that the woman might be anything other than pathetically drunk. This is no rash dismissal of all the primitivists as frauds. No doubt many of them are sincere. However, one does not go to pre-Druid England to delineate a Broadway character of English descent. Why, then, this insistence on returning to Africa to understand the Harlem black? I am not unmindful of the centuries which separate the white from pre-Druid England. I simply remind the reader that today, granted the same environmental conditions, the Harlem black and the Broadway white fit not dissimilarly into the mold of our mechanized American culture. This preoccupation with the

primitive, therefore, belongs more properly to the fields of anthropology and archaeology than to fiction. It no more interprets Harlem than it does Broadway. The sort of perspective I am advocating does not pay immediate dividends on the American mart. We must look for the Negro writer who is prepared to endure the rejection of his work long enough to starve the taste for sewer sensationalism and misguided primitivism. There are two women novelists in Harlem who are delightful exceptions to the prevailing vogue. Nella Larsen and Jessie Fauset have always had as their primary purpose the presentation of aesthetic truth. We look cheerfully toward an increasing skill and vision in these writers; and toward novels which will augment that public in which their art has created "the willing suspension of disbelief."

The question of the immutability of the types which the Negro author is to use in portraying the lives of colored folk is of such magnitude that I am forced to consider evidence on the question. In an article in the *American Mercury* for December, 1928, by way of apology for this continuation of the stereotypes, James Weldon Johnson said: "It would be straining the credulity of white America to the breaking-point for a Negro writer to put out a novel dealing with the wealthy class of colored people." He continues: "American Negroes as heroes form no part of white America's concept of the race." Again, he says: "So that whenever an Aframerican writer addresses himself to white America and attempts to break away from or break through these conventions and limitations, he makes more than an ordinary demand upon his literary skill and power." Granted. But tell me, of what use are creative powers that cannot meet this demand? A Flaubert could choose and reject, choose and reject, until he found the precise, the only word to express his exact meaning. An Ibsen could revise a play again and again until he achieved the perfection that his mind demanded. Are we concerned in this matter with artists—be those artists ever so embryonic—or are we concerned with plowboys who, though transplanted from an arid to concrete, still plod on mentally behind their mules, remaining one with their mules, looking ever and only toward sundown, and food and beds of dry straw? Negro authors, once they free their art of the necessity of furnishing the means of life, will drop the stereotypes into limbo with the assurance that real art will finally create in their readers a demand for honest treatment of every gradation of Negro life.



# Black Ulysses Goes to the War

WINGS ON MY FEET: Black Ulysses at the Wars. By Howard Odum. 309 pp. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.50.

WINGS ON MY FEET" represents the confluence of two of the present main streams in the publishing world; it is at once

a negro book and a war book. And the laws of satiation being what they are, Howard Odum will be extremely lucky if he enlists any popularity on his side. It is to be hoped that he will have at least some success, for his continuation of the trail of Black Ulysses across the Atlantic and into the war zone and back is far and away above the synthetic negro shivers mixed by the swizzle-sticks of such as Paul Morand. "Wings on My Feet" is a book of dignity, written for the sake of both documentation and beauty, and not at all calculated to give jaded nerves still another twitch. Hence, for all that it comes late in a publishing cycle, it is worth owning and reading.

Its narrative is cast in a facile form in that it celebrates elemental deeds of an elemental figure in a rhythmic and running style. There is in it the remembrance of the past of the negro race in the American South, but it is not an introspective book. It is as close to such indigenous American ballads as "Frankie and Johnnie" as the epics of the ancient world are to the old ballads. Through it run the blues songs and the extempore snatches of music that the negro sings by field, camp and road and over the crap games in an Expeditionary Force billet. At times the tempo becomes monotonous, but it is a monotony that haunts rather than dulls.

Black Ulysses himself is a person who lives by animal faith. When he questions the wherefore of war, it is only for a moment, and then to reach the homely philosophy that life is war, anyway; that there is

nothin' but me an' world an' war. Me an' war is buddies. I'm leavin' here walkin' an' talkin' to myself, won't be satisfied here an' nowhere I go.

Make me think of big billy-goat I seen one time. Kep' buttin' fence, couldn't git out. Look like he butt 'cause he jes' love to butt. Maybe he butt 'cause he jes' couldn't help it. Would butt awhile, then eat a while.

And through it all runs the refrain of "war got my buddies, never got me." Black Ulysses comes home

from France to face more enigmas than those posed by war, the enigmas of discrimination.

The book sounds authentic because of what is worked into it in an unobtrusive manner. The present "submaroons" and sergeants and football and lovin' mammas is very much with Black Ulysses, but the past bobs up to mingle with current thought in a life-like manner. A sunset at sea looks "awful red an' . . . like copper fire . . . like light from meltin' steel in good ole Birmingham." Later comes melancholy with recollection of how his mother and father fought and how "the ole man got shot with a smokin' fohty-fo' in the hands of mama, who 'wus a good lady an' eve'ybody knowed it." Still another time Black Ulysses blends in his narrative his grandfather's stories of Africa and his own observations in New York and "Harlem," where the goin's-on revive the thought of "worshipin' an' lovin' in the name of snake gods an' storm-clouds."

At the war Black Ulysses's experiences seem poles apart from those of the men of Remarque, simply because the memory of the negro painted by Dr. Odum is not tenacious enough to provide him with a background of horror. The buddies of Ulysses die, and he feels bad, but he is forever bobbing up with the refrain of "war got my buddies, never got me." He's got a rainbow round his shoulder, and his black hide is charmed.

Whether "Wings on My Feet" is a universal portrait is a question. The testimony of negro authors such as Charles Chesnutt, Walter White and Claude McKay would lead us to doubt that the general negro is as uncomplicated as Black Ulysses. But how can we know? For a simple, hearty soul such as Ulysses would never in the world become self-conscious enough to write a book; he must be studied by some one more sensitive, more observant, more speculative. And since we can hardly have the autobiography, Dr. Odum's biography will do very well indeed.

moments of the whole emotional home front when the War Department protested on its honor that they never existed.

Those brave signs which announced after air raids, "The glass is gone but the goods are here," are typical of the many sights and events Mrs. Peel tells of, the most trying ordeals the home public had to go through. Fiction can never invent, nor many other recollections reproduce, the mingled bathos and heroism of her crisply and naturally told anecdotes. Running through them is the thread of continuous wonder and protest that such things could be in England. "It was all extraordinary and upsetting" that the British homes should be attacked by an enemy. Toward the close of the war the sirens shrieked on seventeen nights running and sleep became a real problem. And yet, though the property damage was enormous, the military damage was insignificant in the attacks from the air on what the Germans called "the fortified city of London."

The book gives an admirable account of the many services rendered by women in the war and the successive emergencies which called them up. The social phenomenon was experienced, in spite of the privations of wartime, of a remarkable drop in ordinary sickness. People hadn't time to be sick, explained the doctors, and it is also true that diseases of self-indulgence, boredom and nerves met for once with small patience and drastic treatment from the medical fraternity. It is certainly true that immense numbers of untrained women carried on in occupations, many of which were extremely hazardous, with a low accident and illness rate which was one of the marvels of the time. Of the Waacs, the Wrens, the Land Girls and the other fine service corps in which England's war record was uniquely distinguished we have heard much, and this account is but a recital of a part of the story better told elsewhere. But of the stay-at-home private woman, who for the first time entered the army of industry, this picture of the times is admirably first-hand and interesting. There is no better story in the book—though it is much too brief—than the story of the women of the South London suburb, befriended for years by the local German baker and his wife, who formed a cordon round the shop in the Lushington riots and faced the rioters down.



# 'Uncle Remus' Heirs

THE AMERICAN NEGRO. Edited by Donald Young. The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. Volume CXXXX. Philadelphia, \$2.00.

By NEWBELL NILES PUCKETT

Population movements, industrial changes, immigration restrictions, improved mental tests, and such like have overthrown many threadbare theories about the negro. The new theories of the negro are especially timely this year, as the thirty-nine authors, including such men as Reuter, Bond, Frobenius, the Johnsons, W. and C. S., DuBois, Work and Moton. "The South" is now recognized as at least two distinct "Souths," the one in the traditional and industrial backgrounds with somewhat distinctive negro problems to match.

One modern storm center rages about the matter of intelligence tests. "On practically all tests of mental ability groups of negroes are consistently inferior to groups of whites," but so diverse and difficult of interpretation are the findings that the clearer view is to turn such tests to the bright side, about of better vocational and individual adjustments rather than to premature and bitter conclusions regarding inherent racial inferiority. To those interested in broader implications of the topic the separate articles on the role of the mulatto and the attainments of the negro in music, art, literature and education will be much worth while.

## Many and Varied Basic Facts.

Many and varied are the basic facts presented. The death rate of the negroes from tuberculosis is double that of the whites; the negroes have a disproportionate quota of their total population institutionalized as paupers or feeble minded in a plurality of states; nearly 60% of the negro banks established since 1889 have failed; since 1918 the Southern States have put up \$30,000,000 worth of negro school buildings. E. D. Johnson's analysis of early English survivals in negro dialect would tend to discountenance the statement that "the negro 'mammy' brought so many of the Southern children through the years of childhood; the negro dialect impressed itself upon the speech of the whole section." Certainly much more exhaustive dialectic comparisons of different Southern sections with one another and with African and European linguistic sources would be required to authenticate such a conclusion.

## Backgrounds Are Compared.

Not only are the broader aspects of contact and prejudice covered, but comparative material is offered on early African backgrounds and on present-day race relations in South and West Africa, Latin America and Europe. Almost every conceivable

phase of the American negro problem, including population status, criminality, the family, health, legal, economic, industrial and business standing, education, religion and recreation are touched upon. The close student of the problem will find little entirely new to him, but those only secondarily interested will use this "series of surveys of the most significant studies and information brought forth in the past few years" to bring their conclusions up to date.

## An Epic Tale

THE PEDRO GORINO. By Harry Dean and Sterling North. Boston. Houghton Mifflin Co. 1929. \$3.50.

By FRANK C. WALDROP

For many years the white man has had the telling of the story of Africa's exploitation, but now the tale as told by a negro has come to print. "The Pedro Gorino" is an autobiographical narrative, written by Harry Dean, negro sea captain, with the help of Sterling North of the University of Chicago. It is fascinating. Throughout the book the reader is impressed by the terrible and undeviating sincerity of the author and by the extremity of the odds against which he fought.

Dean is an ordinary negro. He was born at Philadelphia in 1864, of a sea-going family of negro traders. He declares his line can be traced back to native "princes." He was educated by Fannie Jackson, and at the age of twelve was taken by his uncle for a three year voyage around the world, to learn the family trade.

## Sea Makes Aristocrats.

"The sea makes aristocrats of us all," Dean declares, and adds the observation that the downfall of Africa is due mainly to the lack of an African navy.

After his first voyage Dean determined to establish an Ethiopian empire. The years preceding his buying a ship, "The Pedro Gorino," first vessel in the navy of the mythical empire, he does not touch on. North says that he will not even discuss these years in private.

After obtaining a boat of his own, Dean began trading around the Seven Seas, always bearing in mind his plans of empire. He tells a romantic tale of voyages leading into every port of interest in the world, but all the time one senses a preparation for the struggle which came when he began to develop his scheme in earnest. At the height of British Empire building, while the Boer War was raging, Dean began to write to American negroes for help. If his stories of the sea were interesting, the stories of his life in South Africa are doubly so, for they deal not with mere bartering, but with the matching of wits in a visionary cause. Of course he lost. And now he totters, impoverished and ancient, about the campus of

the University of Chicago, observing that "Plato was right, about philosophers being the best rulers and only generous class of men." But the tale of his losing is an epic tale, for his life was full of adventure and serious pursuit of an ideal.

## 1st Edition of Dr.

## Moton's Book Sold

Doubleday, Doran and Company, publishers of "What the Negro Thinks" by Dr. Robert R. Moton, principal of Tuskegee Institute, announce that the first edition of the volume has been sold out. The book was published in March. Its sale has been unusual for works of this type.

"What the Negro Thinks" has been selected as an alternate choice for May by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Dr. Moton's

"WHAT THE NEGRO THINKS" by Dr. Robert R. Moton, president of Tuskegee Institute, published by Doubleday, Doran and Company, New York, price net, \$2.50.

Tuskegee speaks for colored America through Dr. Moton in this new book. It is the "soundest and most progressive statement written by any principal of Tuskegee."

For example, Dr. Moton says,

"The thinking Negro wants for himself and his children the same things that the white man wants for himself and his children."

On the question of the ballot, Dr. Moton says,

"The thinking Negro insists that the white man's civilization is as safe with the ballot in his hand as it is with a bullet or bayonet in his hand."

Segregation, he terms, the greatest single aid to race prejudice and more acceptable to a Negro in Atlanta than it is to a Negro in Detroit.

Dr. Moton pays his respects to newspapers which refuse to refer to colored men and women as "Mr." and "Mrs." and "Miss" and to that class of southerners who use the word "nigger" as a compromise between "nigger" and "Negro."

"These white people know 'nigger' is offensive to colored people and they feel that 'Negro' smacks of the same pretention at the word 'cawn't,' in the mouth of one who all his life has been saying 'can't.' They use the compromise 'nigger' but they are not aware of the amused contempt the effort inspires in their colored audience."

Dr. Moton considers it the outstanding joke to hear a white man talk about race integrity. Hearing it the Negro is in doubt whether to laugh

or swear.

"To the Negro, it is touching to see a 'poor shiftless, ragged, shallow, sager' spit out a mouthful of tobacco juice and with rare condescension aver, 'well, I ain't got nothing agin the niggers, for don't you know I was fo'teen year old afore I knowed I was any better than a nigger?'"

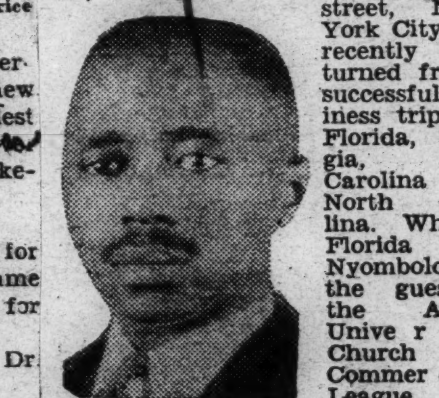
Even on the question of social equality and intermarriage, Dr. Moton takes an advanced stand. He says,

"At the bottom of his heart, the Negro believes he has capabilities of amazing material growth of the South as a culture and character equal to that of any other race and even in the matter of mingling of racial strains; however, undesirable it might seem to be from a social point of view, he would never admit that his blood carries any taint of physiologic, mental or spiritual inferiority."

"He ultimately expects to live in America without any lower status than that of the average American citizen."

## WRITES BOOK ON AMERICAN NEGRO

Eli B'usale Nyombolo, president, Native African Union of America, Inc., located at 200 West 135th



street, New York City, who recently returned from a successful business trip thru Florida, Georgia, South Carolina and North Carolina. While in Florida Mr. Nyombolo was the guest of the African Unive r s a l Church and Commercial League, of which Elder C. C. Addison and Madam M. L. Glymp are at the head.

"Intilalo Yaba Nisundu E Amelika" (Life Among Colored People in America) is a report on the various phases of life of colored people in America and which Mr. Nyombolo expects to complete by the end of this year. Owing to the awakened interest of Africans in Africa to things Afro-American, and the absence of a production of this kind, written in a Bantu (Xosa) language, the book is expected to run into several editions among the Bantu speaking people in Africa.

## ATLANTA WINS DEBATE

ATLANTA, Ga. — The debating team representing Atlanta University defeated the team of Smith U. in Charlotte, N.C. The subject was: Resolved, That the United States should recognize the present Soviet government of Russia.

## THE BLUE BOOK OF SOUTHERN PROGRESS

The 1929 edition of the Blue Book of Southern Progress, published by the Manufacturers Record, is now ready for distribution. In this volume of 324 pages are presented facts and figures dealing with the economic advancement of the Southern States and nowhere else in such comprehensive reference of business executives, the educator, the student and for anyone seeking information as to the South and its resources and development. The volume depicts the material growth of the South as a whole, and each of the sixteen States comprising the South is depicted in the summary tables comparing the year 1928 with 1910 and 1900.

The South has grown one-third of the area and population of the United States. In less than 30 years the South's population has increased nearly 50 per cent. Its wealth has grown from \$17,919,000,000 in 1900, to \$30,000,000,000 or a gain of 346 per cent. The value of its industrial output has increased from \$1,693,000,000 in 1900 to \$12,200,000,000 in 1927, the latest census figures available, or an increase of 620 per cent. Today the wealth of the South is about equal to that of the United States in 1900; while the value of its manufactures, amounting to \$10,371,000,000 in 1927, is about equal to that of the entire output of all the factories of the United States in 1900.

A special chapter on the political revolution of the South during the last Presidential campaign will be of interest, as it marks one of the greatest epochs in the political life of the South and one which is destined to have a marked effect upon its business life.

## English, French To Read White's Rope And Faggot

New York.—A dispatch in the London Daily Herald of August 1 states that Alfred A. Knopf is publishing "Rope and Faggot" in England on August 20. The dispatch in referring to the author, says, "Walter White, author of 'Rope and Faggot,' is one of the foremost contemporary Negro writers.—He considers that, despite the decrease in actual numbers of lynchings of Negroes the brutality of the cases which still occur makes lynching one of the most serious problems that face the United States today." The Daily Herald states that "The book should be a document of some social importance."

It has also been announced that VU: Journal de la semaine, of Paris, of which Lucien Vogel is the editor, will run portions of the book serially, with accompanying illustrations of American lynchings.



# The Cave Man within Us

*The Story of Superstition, by Philip F. Waterman.* New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 307 pages. \$3.50.

*The History of the Devil: The Horned God of the West, by R. Lowe Thompson.* New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 186 pages. \$2.75.

*Rope and Fagot: A Biography of Judge Lynch, by Walter White.* New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 284 pages. \$3.

*New Republic*

SINCE Durkheim it has been known that magic is not an attempt to control the world rationally. Frazer taught that magic, religion and science were three stages, the first two being abandoned when they were found wanting. But not only does magic abound among ancient religious people, but the great civilizations of the past were as hospitable to magic as any Congo village today. It is science that frees man from the fear of spirits and ghosts. And since science has yet unconquered fields and has only been accepted by a small minority of our own people, there are still many vestiges of survivals of ancient magic. Superstition is the attenuated magic of another day or the belittled magic of another folk. A discussion of the humble ancestry of our folk-ways is always interesting reading, showing, as it does, the wider relations of our customs and yielding a subtle satisfaction in the contemplation of the pit from which we have been digged.

Mr. Waterman's book is an uncritical but readable addition to the popular literature on the origin of the beliefs and practices that still persist among us. We learn the why of black cats, rice at weddings, corner-stone rites, charms, and amulets. The treatment would have been sounder had the writer a larger acquaintance with modern scholarship. He makes it clear that our customs are not rational, but assumes throughout that primitive man, from whom we received them, invariably had satisfactory reasons for the practices and beliefs. There is also the older assumption of a generalized primitive man, and of a series of definite stages through which all peoples have passed. The author's strong bias toward a sexual motive for social origins leads him sometimes to a rather strained interpretation, as when the winding of a strap around the arm is associated with serpents in the case of the Jewish phylacteries. The influence of current fashions in psychology appears in Mr. Waterman's tendency to assume that the original motive of a practice persists in us in the form of a racial memory. It would perhaps be truer to say that while the form persists the motive continually changes. Moreover, the social function is constantly transformed even when the practice continues to survive.

The history of the devil has been written before, but a new account is always welcome. Perhaps the feverish activity of the devil during the past fifteen years is sufficient occasion for a new biography. Mr. Thompson is familiar with the family tree of His Majesty and has tried to go very much further into the past than his predecessors. Much interesting material is presented from the paleolithic caves, and the motives of the cave men are constantly being brought into the discussion. The trouble here is that even

when you see and know people it is difficult to be sure of their motives, so that it is almost vain to guess at what men intended, millenniums before written records began. The speculations are ingenious, but the continuity of the stone-age cultures in western Europe is very uncertain, and it is decidedly improbable that our devil was born in the West. Like the gods, he came out of Asia. Indeed, there is reason to believe that the devil should rightly be accorded divine lineage. Certainly many devils have been proved to be the dethroned deities of conquered religions. The devil is a god who lost the war.

Mr. White's book on lynching is included here because lynching is also a survival, in this case of cruelty and torture, not wholly unrelated to magic and superstition. The discussion of causes included the economic, religious, and sexual aspects of race relations, with constant emphasis on evil but rational motives, and an over-reliance on psychological arguments. The question is really much wider. A comparison of race conflicts in India, Russia, South Africa, California and other areas would have given a truer perspective and would undoubtedly have altered the view taken of the relation of religion to race hatred. Mr. White thinks that Negroes are lynched because they are held to be inferior. Probably the causal relations are exactly opposite, and the Klan can best be understood as a symptom. The Klan has made matters worse, but Mr. White's figures show that since the Klan was revived the number of lynchings has sharply declined. A calm consideration would reveal many neglected aspects, but Mr. White cannot be reasonably expected to be calm, and his passionate book will do much good. If it does not give the causes of lynching, it will reveal how a sensitive and gifted Negro feels, and Americans North and South need to know just that.

## A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE NEGRO IN AFRICA AND AMERICA

By *James H. E. Ellisworth*  
MONROE N. WORK

Director Records and Research, Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee Institute, Ala. Vol. III, No. 2.

Few books have been so welcome. The reviews it is receiving are not those usually accorded to bibliographies. But it is not surprising for this Bibliography to receive marked attention. The need has been very great. In the past all research in Negro problems has been retarded because of the scattered nature of the reference material. Mr. Work's problem was to bring together all known references on the Negro, to select and classify the better ones, and to present these in some clear adequate fashion. His work began more than twenty years ago. In 1912, the first edition of the Negro Year Book, of which Mr. Work is the editor, contained a selection list of 408 references on the Negro in the United States. Subsequent editions included additional references. With the help of Tuskegee Institute and in 1921 of the Carnegie Foundation, Mr. Work carried on his task of collecting and arranging references on the Negro. Meanwhile he was working out a classification that would include all phases of the Negro race and its problems. The Phelps-Stokes Fund enabled him to include in his study the contents of the leading European libraries.

The 17,000 references the book contains, including periodicals, books and pamphlets in several languages, have been selected from more than twice that number. Under two geographical divisions are 74 well classified chapters. There is also an excellent index of authors.

## ZULULAND.

OLDEN TIMES IN ZULULAND AND NATAL.  
By A. T. Bryant. London: Longmans and Co. Pp. xxi. 710. 12s. 6d.

This early tribal history of the Zulus, or, more correctly, the Eastern-Nguni Bantu, will stand for all time as a monumental work. Such a complete and searching study of an African native race has seldom, if ever, been attempted, much less written. The author, the Rev. A. T. Bryant, for a lifetime a well-known figure in Natal, a renowned anthropologist and philologist and Research Fellow of the Witwatersrand University, Johannesburg, is to be congratulated on such a fine achievement, the more so because in this task of preserving for future generations the history, traditions, and customs of the Zulus he stands almost alone. It rests to the credit of General Hertzog's South African Government that on the recommendation of the Department of Native Affairs they undertook to bear the cost of publication.

It is a work such as the late Sir Harry Johnston, that greatest of all students of the Bantu peoples, would have delighted in, full of exceedingly interesting bits of forgotten folklore and chapters of old Zulu history; sidelights on their origins and migrations, their old traditions and beliefs, fast dying out; illuminating observations on their language and imposing lists of Zulu clans and sub-clans and the genealogy of the clansmen themselves. That savage military genius Shaka, or Chaka, as some spell it, stands out grimly as the central figure of the book against a background filled in by Dingiswayo, his adopted father, together with those other Bantu conquerors Mzilikazi, Dingane, Mshweshwe, Soshangane, and Zwandendaba, the Angoni chieftain, and the rest. As the author insists, historians have to record "epidemics of crime," nations and communities swayed by a rising tide of superstitious fear, jealousy, and suspicion, culminating in such revolting massacres and wholesale murders as one hears of in the old days all over Africa. It is a distemper of this kind that we see working its way through the chequered history of Zululand, but which was, however, in the main, responsible for the northward thrust of these people into Rhodesia and beyond the Zambezi into the highlands of its northern lands, the last great invading sweep of the Bantu, who for two thousand years or more have so profoundly affected the evolution of humanity in the sub-continent of Africa.

This broad but vivid history brings us to the end of the Shakan period, 1828, but we are promised a second volume of descriptive history which Mr. Bryant is preparing, and to the appearance of

which many of us will look forward with eagerness.  
T. A. B.



## Heads or Tails on the Race Question!

BLACK AMERICA, by Scott Nearing. Vanguard Press. 275 pp. Price \$3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.

WHAT THE NEGRO THINKS, by R. R. Moton. Doubleday, Doran. 267 pp. Price \$2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.

HERE by a stroke of luck we have for comparison the two poles of thinking on the American race question. For the one the position of the Negro is merely the crux of the American class problem, surface symptom of the deep-seated general maladies of capitalistic exploitation curable only by a revolutionary revision of the whole economic system. For the other the Negro's condition is the last great anomaly in the progressive development of institutional democracy. Each is the clearest and most straightforward statement of its position yet made. Both sum up graphically and squarely the practical legal, political and economic disabilities of the Negro and the deep dilemma between American social theory and practice. The alternatives are clear—a self-consistent democracy or, in time, a proletarian revolution. From this particular heads or tails, most of us will call enthusiastically with Dr. Moton for the former; but whichever book we read few can escape the conviction that if the American race question cannot be settled the one way, it must inevitably be settled by the other. And from such a realization should come a good practical push toward a really constructive experiment in honest democracy.

Apart from its thesis, Professor Nearing's book is valuable for two reasons: it traces the Negro's history in America from the important but neglected aspect of straight economics and adds in a remarkable series of "snap" photographs a graphic cross-section picture of contemporary Negro life. He is insistent that "to be black is to be proletarian," that the Negro has played and still plays an important passive role in the scheme of capitalism and economic imperialism, and that the main problem of social reconstruction is "the establishing of working-class solidarity across race lines" since "there can be no victory for the working classes while the workers are so divided" and "no emancipation for the American Negro" except when "the Negro working masses have joined the white working masses in smashing the economic and social structure built upon individual and race exploitation, replacing it with a cooperative economic system under working-class control."

Dr. Moton appeals to the basic ideals and best potentialities of the existing order. Starting out with a tally of ills which is all the more effective because dispassionately stated, and insisting that prejudice is more than two-thirds ignorance and that "what the white man doesn't know about the Negro is the factor that produces the race problem," the successor of Booker Washington declares with greater frankness than his famous predecessor that "the Negro has just cause for dissatisfaction," that the country cannot solve the Negro problem without considering the Negro's side of the case or without his active collaboration, and that "the Negro wants for himself and his children the same things that the white man wants for himself and his children." Dr. Moton decries as the most serious effect of the policy of segregation "the ever-widening gulf between the two races which leaves each race more and more ignorant of the other," and attempts to bridge it over by a commendably frank statement of the Negro's claim for equality of treatment and opportunity. No rational reader, however partisan at first, could fail to concede the logic of the thinking Negro's present-day stand that "to accept a required segregation is to accept the thesis of undesirability on which it is founded and to concede the assumption of inferiority which accompanies its practice." And few will challenge the reasonableness or the hopefulness of what Dr. Moton regards to be the new

technique of dealing with the problem, "not by legislation, but by common counsel whereon both parties to the cause are represented and where action is by common agreement rather than by majority control." For all the radical difference of social method between them, both books see no half-way solution to the American race problem. Dr. Moton concludes: "The Negro expects ultimately to live in America with such freedom of movement, such equality of opportunity, and such measure of common respect for his person and personality as will leave him, even though distinguished in physical characteristics, without any lower status than that of the average American citizen."

ALAIN LOCKE

## This Week Black and White

CLAUDE MCKAY has lived in many countries. He has watched life with eyes that are curious and appraising, and felt it with the tentacles of his sensitive perceptions. Wherever he has gone he has taken with him his sense of race difference and has tried to analyze its effects on him and his friends, white and black, and on the culture and ways of life around him. But at the same time, while he has scrutinized and weighed and discriminated, he has also lived. He carries with him not only a most delicate set of nerve-ends, but a strong, rich impulse to feel accepted as universal or even general? And are Negroes—directly and with a simple gusto undiluted with criticism. His personality, as it gleams through his words, is a complex and prism of eager, forthright responses and restless speculation. It is not easy to say which element is dominant, but I would venture to guess that he is a person of strong and uncomplicated emotions who has become analytical and sharply intuitive through the conflicts which arise from his status as a Negro in a white world. If these conflicts had not pressed upon him and bent his attention to the problems of social and emotional adjustment, Claude McKay might have been a fine lyric poet, so eager is his sense of the color and movement and warmth of life. In his best verse this element is the uppermost and in his novels it is the quality that clings to the reader. Consciously as well as unconsciously he takes his stand with those who love to live; he argues for the joys of passion and song and dance, he makes hymns to the sun and prays to a barrel of sweet wine on the docks at Marseilles. But neither wine nor love nor laughter is enough to conquer the sharp despairs that arise in a man who is resolutely fully aware of prejudice and social injustice. In other words only a superman or a very simple man could avoid these conflicts; and Claude McKay is neither.

I read "Banjo" with the same mixture of joy and discomfort that comprised my feeling about "Home to Harlem." Here is an unforgettable picture of waterfront life in Marseilles where seamen and drifters of all races and nations live in a conglomerate mass "bumming a day's work, a meal, a drink, existing from hand to mouth, anyhow, any way, between box car, tramp ship, bistro, and bordel." "Hot damn," cried Banjo, "What a town this heah is to spread joy in!"

Careless love and jazz and the warm, red wine that flows from the barrels on the docks; fights and sudden death and hunger and disease, mingled without order or restraint or end—this is the life of the Provençal port. All of it Claude McKay pours richly into the pages of the book. He has achieved a fine piece of characterization and description, depending for its effect upon a sure mastery of the material rather than on any particular sense of direction or of form. As life sprawls in the Ditch and on the breakwater, so does Claude McKay's story sprawl. But larded in between image and episode is the inevitable commentary. Always intelligent, it nevertheless seems an intrusion, perhaps because the author, in the role of analyst, sounds self-conscious and a little ill at ease.

The fact is, I am wary of this author's conclusions in regard to racial attributes and the relations between human beings of different nations and colors. He shares with his brothers of the Klan a dangerous proclivity to generalize—only he reverses the values. To him the Negro is superior in all that appears important: a capacity to feel and enjoy, to be generous and expressive, to be warm and irresponsible, to live without shame or inner repression. To him the white man is possessed of the timid, frigid virtues: pride, ambition, efficiency, acquisitiveness. But is this true enough to be accepted as universal or even general? And are Negroes—the uninhibited children of joy that Claude McKay believes? He points in one place to the conduct of certain Africans in Marseilles freed from the "ancient tribal taboos." ". . . Turned loose in an atmosphere of prostitution and perversion and trying to imitate the white monkeys, it was no wonder they were very ugly." How different in kind is their behavior from that of the white riff-raff of the port, cut off from their native countries and the standards of their native culture, earning a living or finding a thrill in the easy vice of the *boîtes de nuit*? And is the same Senegalese tribesman in his home necessarily more free and ardent and unprejudiced than a Methodist preacher in a Tennessee hill town? Blacks and whites alike rear their heads and then flounder into chaos without them.

Because his interest is intense and his intelligence alert it might be Claude McKay's privilege—since he repudiates the task of pure creation—to answer the doubts aroused by these assumptions. He has moved from Jamaica to Harlem and from Harlem to Marseilles—each a step in the direction of more complete race-consciousness and experience. Why does he now not take a final step and live in the center of an African community; live there wholly and without reserve; feel and see, and then come to fresh and perhaps more authentic conclusions about the racial characteristics of blacks and whites?

FREDA KIRCHWEY



# AS IN A LOOKING GLASS

Alice Dunbar-Nelson

"THE PEDRO GORINO," an autobiographical narrative by Captain Harry Dean, assisted by Sterling North and published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, (\$3.50), is a strange book. A sort of Trader Horn in bronze, as it were. Captain Harry Dean—whose family connections are in Philadelphia today,—and one of whose forbears, the redoubted Paul Cuffee is well known in Negro historical annals,—has done a fascinating book. A book that you will want to read all at once, and believe every word, even though your credulity may now and then be strained—as in the chapter called "The Phantasy" at Knysna."



Sterling North tells us that he was called in by some of the members of the faculty of the University of Chicago to meet, talk with and, if possible, to help the charming and exciting Negro sea-captain, who, deprived of his ship, penniless and puzzled, had applied to the department of philosophy at the University, because he believed with Plato that philosophers are the best rulers, and the only really generous class of men. The result of the subsequent interview, and many others, is the book, "The Pedro Gorino."

The Pedro Gorino was a ship. Captain Harry Dean was the son of Susan Cuffee, granddaughter of Paul Cuffee, of splendid memory, and of John Dean, whose family had come three generations ago from Morocco. But not even staid and conservative Philadelphia could obliterate the fire in the veins of the young Harry, especially when a sea-faring uncle took him for a three years' voyage around the world, via Cape Horn. Philadelphians will be proud of the earlier chapters of the book, for names sacred in the traditions of old Philadelphians of color march statily across the pages.

THUS started off on his sea-faring career, it was not so far a cry to his owning his own ship, and sailing to the far-off glamorous corners of the earth, often among barbarous peoples. Up and down the coasts of Africa went the Pedro Gorino, trading in gold and diamonds and ivory and ostrich plumes, spices and rugs and cashmere cloths, rare skins, and herbs and dyes, jewelry and priceless jade, mohair and seal skins.

But Captain Dean had a dream of empire. He had an inner vision of a Black Empire, which antedated Marcus Garvey's by nearly half a century, and was of far more practical value, since it took into account the natives of Africa, and sought to enlist their help and co-operation. He determined to start a campaign based upon the eternal truth that "a race without ships is like a man stricken and blind." The slave trade would never have been

possible, so his uncle explained to him, had the Africans themselves had ships—"Not a ship among them. That has been the downfall of our race." So the youth clenched his hands with a mighty determination: "They shall have ships, they shall have ships, they shall—"

His empire would be greater than Toussaint's or Christophe's, for while they produced great palaces and forts and armies, yet Haiti is but a pin point on the earth's surface compared with the mighty continent of Africa where he planned to build his empire. It would be greater than the empires of Africa's past, for magnificent though the structures were which they reared with their hundreds of thousands of subjects, yet their knowledge was limited, and he dreamed of an empire infinitely more cultured. "Africa could again lift up her head. Her fleets would sail upon the sea. Her resources would once more enrich her own children. I dreamed of downfall for the imperialists, those wolves from the Zuyder Zee and the slums of White Chapel."

WITH this in mind the intrepid captain, leaving the gallant Pedro Gorino from time to time in what he deemed safe harborage, plunged into the jungle where no so-called civilized man had ever been before, seeking the help and friendship of the powerful king and queens of the interior. King Lerothodi and Queen Baring and King Segow Faku were his friends and tried to help him in his plans. It is to the two latter that the book is dedicated. And Bishop Levi J. Coppin stalks like a flaming torch into this land of Africa to help the ambitious Captain spiritually in his hope of a temporal kingdom. He knew Bishop Coppin of old, for it was at his wife's famous school, Fannie Jackson's Institute for Colored Youth—the progenitor of Cheyney Training School—that Captain Dean had obtained his education.

BUT the arm of white imperialism is long, ruthless, relentless. It had reached into the jungle and placed a seal upon the native kings. It had introduced white missionaries and rum and strife and tattling and disease. Cecil Rhodes had made the word diamond a synonym for terror and deception, death and horror. The White Man's empire must be built, and the white man's pockets filled. A coalition of native kings and tribes, led by educated Negroes from the United States would be dangerous to the exploitation of Africa. Captain Dean found that though the English and the Boers might be divided by the war of 1899, they were desperately united against the black man, be he from Africa or America. So strange things happened to him. His wealth in ostrich feathers was mysteriously burned. His diamonds had to be thrown away. Money and friends disappeared. His trusty valet was bribed to give him a "love powder"—a powerful poison which never entirely was wiped from his system. And most crushing blow of all, a fugitive from justice, he was forced to flee Cape Town and leave the gallant Pedro Gorino.

THIS baldly is the tale of Harry Dean, of Philadelphia, captain of the proudest little craft that ever sailed her gallant way through the seven seas. The autobiography, yet not the autobiography, for he has withheld, we know, material enough for two or three more fascinating volumes—the story rather of a man, descendent of African kings and of generations of American and Moroccan sailors. The tang of the sea was in his blood, the heart of kings in his breast, the indomitable ambition of a proud man in his soul. Forgetful of self, he wished to help his people, to weld kings and tribes into an empire, and to give back to Africa's children their own land with its wealth and unlimited resources. He dreamed of an inland empire and a maritime

## "AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN EX-COLORED MAN"

APPEARS IN GERMAN

NEW YORK, August 9—James Weldon Johnson's novel, "The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man," has just been translated and published in two European countries, Germany and Sweden, it was announced today. First published anonymously in 1912, this novel was republished in 1921 by Alfred A. Knopf in The Blue Jacket Library, a collection of notable books which are regarded as contemporary classics. In addition to publication in the United States, Knopf has also bro't out the book in England which makes four countries and three languages in which the book has appeared to date.

power in one. He risked life and limb to begin to lay the foundations of his empire, only to be thrown out of Africa by the white man, and forbidden ever to return—the inevitable fate of the black man who interferes with the white man's dream of gold and jewels.

A GOOD story; a mighty good story. Danger and adventure and suspense and climax, "Moving narrative by flood and field." Fifty years of adventure; of a quest. "For him the grail has been a vision of ships, a vision of the colored race come into his own." For fifty years he studied the sea, and through the sea—men. But he did not entrust all to direct experience. Fanny Jackson had taught him the value of books. He had read thousands. Horace is his favorite poet, and he always carried a book of his poems in his pocket.

Thus Captain Dean and the Pedro Gorino. Truly a "find" in the literary world.



**Alice Dunbar-Nelson**

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The Accusing Girls Are Pointing at Their Victim and Crying Out, "There Is a Flock of Yellow Birds Around Her Head."

From  
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(Harper & Bros.)

# Once It Was Reasonable to Believe in Witchcraft

Professor Kittredge Produces a Remarkable Study of the

*Book Review*  
Black Magic That Appalled Our Forefathers

WITCHCRAFT IN OLD AND NEW ENGLAND. By George Lyman Kittredge. 641 pp. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. \$6.

By HERBERT GORMAN

NO work on witchcraft (and there have been many of them from the "Malleus Maleficarum" of Sprenger and Kramer to "The History of Witchcraft and Demonology" of Montague Summers) has been more carefully conceived and meticulously executed than Professor Kittredge's "Witchcraft in Old and New England." Here is a definitive study and examination that reveals distinguished scholarship, pragmatic common sense, and the most cogent reasoning. It is, as its title implies, confined geographically to Great Britain and Puritan New England; but, within those limits, it yet manages to present the most complete and convincing picture of a horrid superstition that has ever appeared. The medieval scholars and such amazingly anachronistic figures as Montague Summers wrapped witchcraft in theological and supernatural veils; Professor Kittredge removes these veils and shows his readers the true witchcraft, a primitive folk-belief that maintains even today.

The essence of witchcraft, he clearly proves, is malificium; the hatred and terror aroused by the witch was (and is) due to her will and suspected power to inflict bodily injury; all the rest, the compacts with devils, the Sabbats with their abominations, the broomstick riding, and the meetings in dark forests are incidentals, matters that were taken into consideration, of course, during the trials and persecutions but which were never the prime movers in witch hunting. No witch was ever hunted or hanged because she boasted of having a fiend for a lover; it was because they were enemies of mankind. The theological hair-splitting came after the fact. Two sources are indicated by Professor Kittredge for the belief in witches. One of them was the inherited belief from primitive times that certain malevo-

lent folk could injure others by supernatural means. It was part of the congenital fear of man, and it may be found today among savage peoples. The other source was the belief that diseases arose from supernatural causes. Even after the shaman had developed into the physician, an illness that baffled the doctor's skill was attributed to evil powers. It is easy to see how these two source-beliefs created the witch.

Professor Kittredge makes a careful distinction between witchcraft belief in England and on the Continent. The Elizabethans did not get their ideas and practices from Europe; they inherited them from their forebears. In the Elizabethan trials (and before) there was no acceptance or development, either by the people or the judges, of the systematized doctrine which formed the basis of the inquisitorial proceedings on the Continent. Elizabethan witchcraft was simple and primitive, almost an old wives' tale. It showed none of the abominations of the European witches' Sabbats.

Here, then (writes Professor Kittredge), we discern a fundamental distinction between Elizabethan witchcraft in England and Continental witchcraft during the same period. The English trials conform to the law. In no single recorded witch trial during the reign of Elizabeth is there the slightest trace of the Witches' Sabbath. The charges, the testimony, the confessions, never hint at such assemblies.

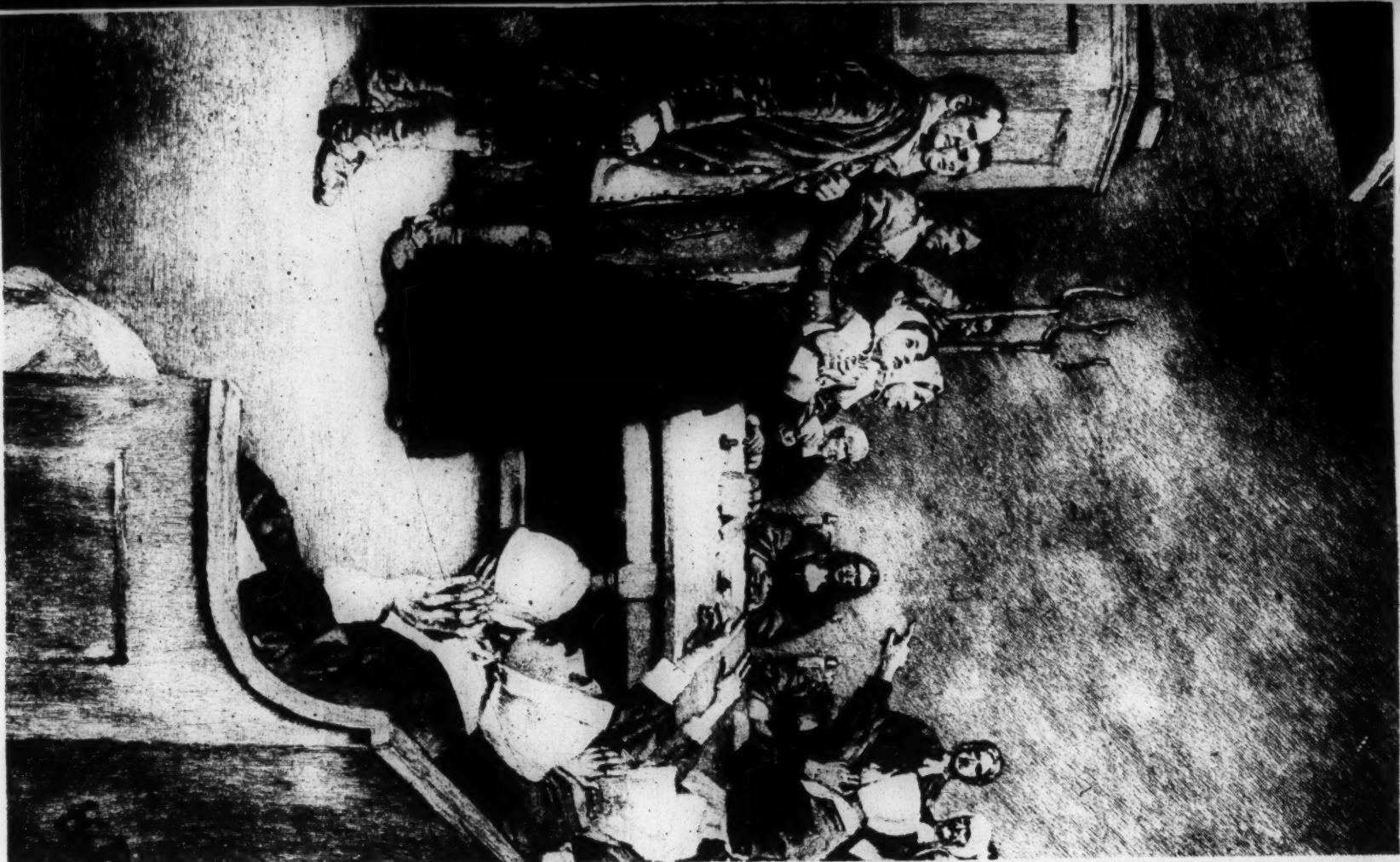
There is an important point made here, for it would seem to dismiss the theory of a widespread witch cult (at least, so far as England was concerned) that was split up into covens which met at stated intervals and performed diabolical liturgies. The witches of England and New England were, for the most part, women who were thought to cast malevolent spells on innocent folk, and the impulse to prosecution came from humble people who feared for their safety. There was no question of a devilish religion being fought. It was the ancient myth of the Old Woman who was queer in the head and

Remnants of the dead are still popular in spells or as cures. A dead man's hand (especially if he has been hanged or has met with any violent or untimely death) will cure eczema, wens, tumors, goitre and the king's evil, and will erase unsightly birthmarks. The efficacy of the dead hand was known to Pliny and is derided by Fernel, the modern Galen. The Cumberland receipt for birthmarks is to stroke the spot with the hands of three heads of families who died on the same day; this is what Sir Thomas

charms, potions, elfshot and the dozen and one presumably revelatory gestures by which the witch became recognizable to the public. That many people considered themselves to be witches there can be no doubt, and neither is there any doubt of the actual use of charms. There is one amazing paragraph, amazing because of the compilation of charms it contains, that is pertinent to this belief. Professor Kittredge writes:

Professor Kittredge, adducing scores of revealing cases, traces the development of this belief in an old wives' tale, explaining image magic and its doctrine of sympathy, who became suspect by her neighbors. English witchcraft, then, is to be identified with the witchcraft of the uncivilized peoples of the globe today.





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charms, potions, elfshot and the dozen and one presumably revelatory gestures by which the witch became recognizable to the public. That many people considered themselves to be witches there can be no doubt, and neither is there any doubt of the actual use of charms. There is one amazing paragraph, amazing because of the compilation of charms it contains, that is pertinent to this belief. Professor Kittredge writes:

Remnants of the dead are still popular in spells or as cures. A dead man's hand (especially if he has been hanged or has met with any violent or untimely death) will cure eczema, wens, tumors, goitre and the king's evil, and will erase unsightly birthmarks. The efficacy of the dead hand was known to Pliny and is derided by Fernel, the modern Galen. The Cumberland receipt for birthmarks is to stroke the spot with the hands of three heads of families who died on the same day; this is what Sir Thomas



BROWNE calls committing any maculated part unto the touch of the dead." You can cure a toothache or ward it off by biting out a tooth from a corpse or skull, particularly if you carry the tooth in your pocket; or you may rub the gum with a dead finger or "scarifie the gums in the greefe with the tooth of one that hath beene slaine." Powdered skull is good for fits. Moss scraped from a skull, pulverized and taken as cephalic snuff cures headache. Drinking from a suicide's skull (or from any skull if freshly exhumed) cures epilepsy. Chronic headache vanishes if you drive a nail into a dead man's skull. You can cure a corn by cutting it with a razor that has shaved a corpse. For scrofula one should wear the napkin from a dead man's face round the neck and then drop it on his coffin in the grave. For headache "tie a halter about your head wherewith one hath beene hanged"—a suicide's noose, according to Pliny. A hangman's is good for scrofula, and a bit of it insures luck in gambling. A piece of suicide's rope worn as a girdle protects you against all accidents. Chips from a gallows on which several have been hanged, when worn in a bag round the neck, cure the ague. A fragment of a gibbet is good for toothache. Warts disappear when sprinkled with earth from a new-made grave. To lay a child in such a grave is helpful in eye trouble. Churchyard grass will cure the bite of a mad dog. Bits of lead cut from church spouts that empty in the churchyard are good for fits. Churchyard earth is good for stitch in the side and consumption. A two hours' burial in the churchyard may help one's rheumatism. A ring made of a coffin hinge or handle will relieve cramp.

These charms, intended to help rather than injure the credulous person, belong under white magic (in spite of their gruesome constituents), and the Old Woman advising or providing them would not be persecuted. It was the evil witch who caused bodily injuries or death, who made the cows sick, who caused the harvest to rot, or who put a murrain upon the cattle, who was hunted down and tried before the magistrates. It is our belief that she was a symbol of the cruelty and callous impartiality of nature, that ignorant folk saw in her—unconsciously, of course—the dark powers of the earth itself manifesting their fierce contempt for man.

What Professor Kittredge has to say about the witch in New England is, naturally, of great interest. He shows that to the contemporaries of the Puritans witchcraft was not merely a historical phenomenon but a fact of contemporary experience as well. He is careful to

indicate the falsity of the assumption that witch-hunting and persecution were peculiar to Puritan tenets.

This is a very serious error [he asserts]. The doctrines of our forefathers differed, in this regard, from the doctrines of the Roman and the Anglican Church in no essential—one may safely add, in no particular.

The outbreak in Salem Village was not a unique phenomenon of mad Puritanism but a natural event in a civilization for whom the belief in witchcraft was universal.

To believe in witchcraft in the seventeenth century was no more discreditable to a man's head or heart than it was to believe in spontaneous generation or to be ignorant of the germ theory of disease.

After all, we must understand that practically every person executed for witchcraft believed in the reality of such a crime, whether he supposed himself to be guilty of it or not. It was the community, then, and not the judges, that awakened witch persecution. Professor Kittredge believes that the record of New England in this matter was highly creditable when considered from the comparative point of view, and he points out that the recantation and repentance of the persecutors in Salem Village came as effective arguments into the hands of the intelligent antagonists of the witch-dogma in England. It was shortly after 1700 that the age of reason began to set in and the witchcraft during the seventeenth century (taking into consideration the religious fundamentalism of the time and the lack of scientific and medical knowledge) than not to believe in it, and how (indirectly, to be sure) New England played its part in killing this superstition (which is certainly not wholly dead even in supposedly civilized sections today—consider the Pennsylvania hexing case!) and opening the doors of a new reasonability on the dark problem. It is an absorbing problem and Professor Kittredge fully vindicates the many years he has spent in research by the results he offers in a book which certainly must assume its proper place as the most definitive and authoritative study of witchcraft in English-speaking countries ever attempted.

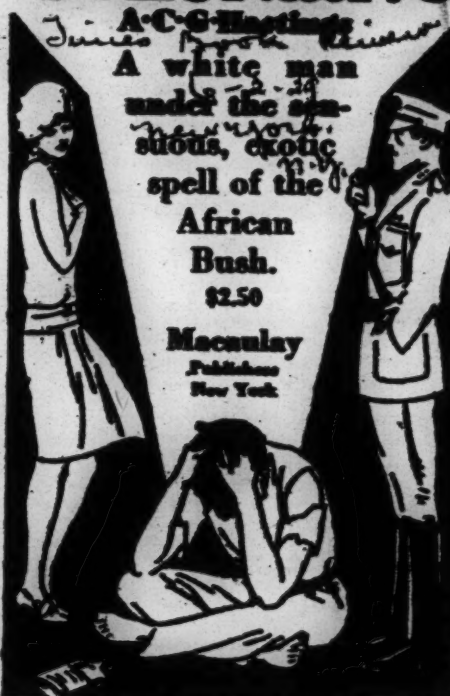
Such a book as this, so fully annotated and authoritatively conceived, cannot but be extremely important in the study of the progress of the human race. There are questions handled here that run deeper than the superficial aspects of witchcraft, fundamental truths concerning the superstitions of man and his blind and frightened reactions to the earth and the Time Spirit. Professor Kittredge's attitude is fully borne out by his aduced evidence. His dissimilarity with Montague Summers, for instance, is both amusing and instructive. Where Mr. Summers is medieval-minded, credulous, bigoted, childishly naive and astoundingly bound by literal interpretations of Roman Catholic dogma, Professor Kittredge is twentieth-century-minded, intelligent, liberal, pragmatic and essentially scientific in his attitude. Mr. Summers believes literally in the existence of evil powers that can take on visible habiliments and the supernaturalism of witchcraft; Professor Kittredge has no belief in black art or

in the interference of demons in the daily life of mortals. The latter sees the whole astonishing development of the rise and fall of the dogma of the witch in the blind superstition of the great herd of humanity. Yet he does not ridicule it nor take a contemptuous attitude. Wisely enough, he remarked: "It is easy to be wise after the fact—especially when the fact is 200 years old."

So this book becomes a tolerant and understanding analysis of witchcraft in old and New England, a treasure-trove stuffed with hundreds of facts and citations and bulwarked by 223 pages of notes giving authorities for every statement he puts forward. All of this material is woven into a steadily moving narrative that takes up in turn English witchcraft before 1558, image magic and the like, love and hate spells, venefica, charms ghoulis and profane, the reputed influence of witches over wind and weather, the witch in the dairy, metamorphosis, haunted houses and haunted men, the seer, the Compact and the Witches' Sabbath, King James the First and witchcraft, and witchcraft and the Puritans. It falls, then, into a chronological and spiritual pattern. Reading it we perceive how simple its birth was, how the mind of man might reasonably falter before its supposed manifestations—for it was even more reasonable to believe in the witchcraft during the seventeenth century (taking into consideration the religious fundamentalism of the time and the lack of scientific and medical knowledge) than not to believe in it, and how (indirectly, to be sure) New England played its part in killing this superstition (which is certainly not wholly dead even in supposedly civilized sections today—consider the Pennsylvania hexing case!) and opening the doors of a new reasonability on the dark problem. It is an absorbing problem and Professor Kittredge fully vindicates the many years he has spent in research by the results he offers in a book which certainly must assume its proper place as the most definitive and authoritative study of witchcraft in English-speaking countries ever attempted.

over attempted.

## Gone Native



### HEART OF AFRICA

**JUNGLE GODS.** By Carl von Hoffman. Edited by Eugene Lohrke. Illustrated by Baroness Katharina Dombrowski (K. O. S.) and from photographs by the author. 286 pp. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$3.50.

THIS vivid and lively collection of sketches of people, animals and life in Africa is the fruit of many trips which the author has made into the remote regions of that continent, and especially the last one, made in 1925-1926, which took him all the way from Cairo to the Cape, through the heart of Equatorial Africa and Rhodesia, and kept him lingering for many months among the native villages to study the life of the people and to secure pictures for some films which have been widely shown, one of them bearing the same title as this book. The scene of the sketches the author has used here is a specific and not very extensive region in Northeastern Rhodesia, south of Lake Tanganyika and west of Lake Nyassi, where in the Irumi Mountains and foothills and bordering plains lives the tribe of Lalas.

Mr. von Hoffman has studied the native life and character with insight and understanding, and in his description and sketches he penetrates deeply into the complicated and secret system of tabus, magic formulas, beliefs, symbols, rites and performances which provide the African native, whether of jungle or plain, with gods and religions and dominates and motivates all his actions from birth to death. Through

his knowledge of these things he interprets the dramatic episodes which he saw or learned about and has woven these into tales and articles. Some of them are tales about the ever-prevailing power of witchcraft in native life; others deal with the story, interesting personality and death of a great chief who was almost a hundred years old when the author lived for some time in his village; one section is filled with animal tales and folklore; in a section dealing with the mission-aries is an account of the Watch Tower revival movement that, since the World War, has spread widely among the blacks in Africa; and of the career of a native which was the most amazing product of its excitements; there are also tales of how white men are sometimes influenced to "go native" and of what happens to them in consequence.

The sketches are usually dramatic in conception and development and humanly interesting. Mr. von Hoffman has written them skillfully and appealingly.



# Determining the Status of The American Negro

*Dr. Moton of Tuskegee Makes a Dispassionate Survey of  
The Position and Possibilities of His Race*

WHAT THE NEGRO THINKS. By Robert Russa Moton. 267 pp. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. \$2.50.

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

IN "What the Negro Thinks" Dr. Moton, the principal of Tuskegee Institute, has addressed himself to the situation of his race with an even-tempered sense of exigencies. He has cast up a balance sheet, the debits and credits in orderly array, so much for the white man, so much for the negro. He has no sweeping panacea to offer; he is neither for the deportation of all negroes to Africa nor for an extermination of the race, nor for an amalgamation with the Caucasian. "No one advocates any one of the three seriously now," he says. Instead, he works toward a creation of a more beneficent atmosphere, an atmosphere which will permit the negro to live and work within a white community, to have his being and to live out his potentialities without restrictions that spring from the white man's common assumption of superior goodness. Atmospheres are impalpable things, and so many imperceptibles enter into the changing of them that one man can only feel very humble when he sets about such a task. It is Dr. Moton's humility, a humility that has no cowardliness, no cringing about it, that lends paradoxical force to his book. He is always a gentleman in the true sense of the word. He does not screech; he merely observes, weighs, reflects and ventures his opinions firmly and dispassionately. Does the white man "know the negro"? In his opening chapter, by way of launching himself upon his subject, Dr. Moton discusses the phrase, often used by white men of both South and North. He says the negro meets the remark, "I know the negro," with a faint smile. The negro, as cook, butler, nurse, and so on, often sees the white man at home, often becomes intimate with the contents and uses of every room in the white man's house; but how

many white men know the negro in his own home? Dr. Moton comes to the conclusion that very few do, especially in view of the increase of professional men among negroes—black lawyers and doctors who have taken the negro client away from the white professional man. He pays a pretty compliment to DuBose Heyward, a white novelist, indicating that one white man at least does know the negro; but his conclusion is that the negro must be made acquainted with the white man in general. Hence the successive chapters, telling what the negro thinks on most of the questions that touch his welfare.

The negro, he says, has had a bit of the Machiavelli about him. He has had to dissimulate, to put up a bland and good-humored front, to get on in the world. In this he is in contrast to another race of dark skin, the American Indian, whose pride was such that he foolishly fought the white man until extermination threatened. Because of this dissimulation, this "defense mechanism," there are whole areas of negro thought and feeling that the white man has seldom penetrated—and then only through supreme acuity or through the works of such negroes as Charles Chesnut, who have dramatized negro problems on paper. It is Dr. Moton's opinion that for a long period a large element of the negro race associated superiority with a white skin.

But this spell [he says] has been broken by two distinct developments—one of them the negro's own excursions into fields of achievement previously occupied by the white man alone, and, second, the failure of so many whites to manifest the superiority with which they would be credited.

Dr. Moton seizes upon the symbolic value of the defeat of Jim Jeffries at Reno, Nev., by the negro, Jack Johnson. The decision at Reno, in his opinion, was a vindication of the negro's own faith in himself "and before the world as no

later act of the champion of that hour could subvert." From Jack Johnson to such figures as Roland Hayes, Paul Robeson, Charles Gilpin, Countee Cullen and others was not so far a cry as soon as the negro had demonstrated, through Jack Johnson, that the Aframerican could invade a white man's province and travel to the top. The mid sections of Dr. Moton's book are largely devoted to a determination of the negro's status in both South and North. He touches upon Reconstruction days and finds they failed because the carpet-baggers and the negroes failed to take the white man of the old South into consideration in dealing with the problems arising from emancipation and enfranchisement. Because of this failure to have all sides represented at the council table, no decision agreeable to all could be reached. And when the support of the North was withdrawn another stalemate resulted because the Southern white man proceeded to deal with the problem without taking the negro into consideration. The result was disfranchisement, through property clauses and through literacy clauses. The poor white got the vote where the negro didn't through the "grandfather clause," which permitted the sons of veterans, including Confederate veterans, to register their desires at the polls. Today, says Dr. Moton, "except for a few State Legislatures, the Supreme Court of the United States is still all that stands in a legal way between the negro and civil and political extinction."

The segregation of the negro is taken up by Dr. Moton. The Tuskegee principal is aware that segregation has its good points, as well as its evil. What he objects to chiefly is the "connotation of white superiority" that is its concomitant. Except for a few saving instances, which he mentions, he finds that the negro gets the poorest accommodations through segregation, even when he is perfectly able and willing to pay as much as the white man for value received. In the trains, Dr. Moton says, the negro invariably gets the more dilapidated rolling stock for his use, although the fare remains the same for both white and black. The negro, he discovers, is not against segregation because of an overwhelming desire to mingle with white people, but because he does not want short weight for his good money. What

is true of common carriers in the South is true of the schools and the courts. Dr. Moton advances the argument that negro teachers receive proportionately less pay than white teachers, and that negro schools receive, proportionately, less money for their upkeep and improvement. As for the courts, Dr. Moton sees discrimination all along the line until the Supreme Court is reached. The negro in the South, he says, is less afraid of the decision of a single judge than he is of a jury "of his peers"—which means a jury preponderantly or wholly white.

But with all the discrimination, and in spite of such symptoms as lynchings, Dr. Moton sees hope. There is great hope in the decision of the Supreme Court, written by

Justice White, a native of Louisiana, declaring "the grandfather clause" invalid. There is hope in the emergence of negro talent in the arts, and there is reason for rejoicing in the need, since the passing of the anti-immigration laws, for negro labor in the North and in the realization, born of the exodus of negroes from the South, that the black man is an economic necessity below the Mason-Dixon Line. In closing Dr. Moton says:

The negro is not looking for any special privileges. . . . He is not asking for any special legislation. . . . He maintains that prejudices of individuals that make for discrimination against his race should be properly regarded as purely private and personal without any title whatsoever to recognition and support by public authority.

He admits the negro is not up to the white man in many respects (how could he be when he is not a hundred years from slavery, nor many more from the jungle?), but "at the bottom of his heart the negro believes that he has capabilities of culture and character equal to that of any other race."



Dr. Robert  
Russa Moton.

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## THE CHANGING SOUTH

THE DEVIL BEATS HIS WIFE.

By Ben Wasson. 254 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.

In this tale of the changing South Ben Wasson has written a tenuous and never very certain novel about the passing of a negro generation born as slaves, despising the freedom that the Civil War brought them and loathing "de Goddamn Yankees" with a deeper and more unreasoning hatred than their Southern masters. The author, however, is less interested in his thesis than in the little town near Memphis of which he writes, with its fragile barrier of levees against the swelling Mississippi River, and the curious texture of primitive civilization which surrounds a white boy brought up by a negro mammy and playing with negro children.

The central theme of the volume is bound up in the dread and tacit secret that old Aunt Ann shares with her young and pleasure-loving mistress of the latter's adultery with a man from New York. Aunt Ann has watched the old Colonel, her mistress' father, stamp up and down the porch of the old Southern mansion when Yankees had come to the house after the war asking to buy furniture. She had heard him call for his gun, threatening to blow off the heads of the intruders.

No violation of the tradition she had been raised in could have been more terrible than when her mistress, Narcisse, allowed Winchell, the pale, dark-eyed illustrator from the North, to visit the house while the master was away. No voodoo incantation, raised over the smoke of a burning charm, could prevent her from having her first suspicions of Narcisse's infidelity confirmed, nor could she keep herself from later branding the child that was born as a Yankee.

Mr. Wasson has, unfortunately, failed to make this strange situation vivid or compelling, either in terms of action or thought. His older generation of white people, Narcisse and her husband Bob, remain shadowy figures in his story, and had admission of the secret adultery been made by the old mammy, with its inevitable tragic consequences, one would have cared little for the fate of the elder Terralls. The tale receives its flavor from the reaction of their two small sons to the world about them, to the show boat, moored beside the town for the evening, to the floods that recur in the Spring, to a fishing party with negro children and the latter's obscenities,

and to a weird funeral service performed over a dead cat with the aid of their black friends.

In one isolated chapter the author has enlarged his study to include the conflict of the older with the younger negro generation, in a sense paralleling the deeper conflict between the old negress and her mistress. Had Mr. Wasson confined his novel more strictly to a study of the negroes in a swiftly changing South, or had he been content to concentrate on the tale of the small white boys against this background, he would have come off more successfully in "The Devil Beats His Wife." He writes with imagery and at times with power, though his dialogue at best is far from convincing.

## NEGRO BAILIFF WRITES PLAY

NEW ORLEANS, La., April 18.—(A. N. P.)—"The Uncovered Crime," a one-act drama, is the title of a play written by G. R. Leslie, Negro bailiff and attache of the United States circuit court of appeals, which will be staged at the Trinity M. E. Negro Church on Valence street, April 19.

The drama had its first showing at the Grace M. E. Church on Iberville street. It was highly praised by members of the congregation. The scene is laid in a court room, the same as the very court room where Leslie has worked for a number of years. Leslie is an Orleanian, graduate of the public schools and has studied extensively through outside reading.

FROM NEGRO TO CAUCASIAN: OR HOW THE ETHIOPIAN BECAME A WHITE MAN. By Louis Fremont Baldwin. 124 pp. New York: The Century Company.

A discussion of the ways in which the color line is being broken down.

## HARLEM NEGROES

THE BLACKER THE BERRY. By Wallace Thurman. 262 pp. New York: The Macaulay Company. \$2.50.

THIS novel of Harlem and the problem of color distinctions within the black world derives its chief interest from the fact that Mr. Thurman is a negro. Better novels of negro life have been written before, and written, ironically enough, by white people. If one excludes the question of authorship, "The Blacker the Berry" stands out as a merely competent, somewhat amorphous story. For rhythm and pungency, Claude McKay's "Home to Harlem"—the work of a West Indian negro—still remains at the crest.

There are no passages in "The Blacker the Berry" to indicate that Mr. Thurman is out to astound people. He makes no effort to dis-

play the swiftly acquired erudition of a Van Vechten, but sticks to his main thesis. That thesis is the conflict a "coal-black nigger" is subjected to now that color prejudice has crossed the line into the black belts. Emma Lou, born in Boise, Idaho, of a light-skinned mother and a blue-black no-good father, is made to feel from her birth that she has betrayed her race. Her grandparents, scions of good Confederate stock through miscegenation in slavery days, have formed the Blue Vein circle of Boise, so called because its members are light enough in color to see the purple blood beat through the arteries in their wrists. Emma Lou, of course, is outside the pale. Her hair is not kinky; but there her good points stop. And no creams, no bleaching agencies, no lotions will purge her of her unfortunate niggerish color.

Mr. Thurman takes her through three unhappy years of college in Los Angeles, where she was looked upon askance by the light-hued negroes of the Greek letter society. He permits her betrayal by a young negro who stopped in Boise of a Summer to earn some money to continue his education. He takes her to Harlem, where she shows a deplorable lack of will and a deplorable amount of self-commiseration. Sensitive beyond the point of other coal-blacks, she lets every reference to color scrape her nerves. Unlike a friend, Gwendolyn, she can't accept darkness as the negro norm; she won't associate with black niggers because they aren't the "right sort of people." Her necessity to earn her living brings her into contact with a person who is obviously patterned after Lenore Ulric of "Lulu Belle"; she makes her living among the whites, performing the menial service of maid to an actress, when she would have preferred a "dichty" position as a stenographer. And she has her worries in Harlem because male negroes of lighter texture can't like her. One, a libertine, tolerates her and strives to please her somewhat because she is making money.

All this might have made a poignant story. As it is, Mr. Thurman writes prose in imitation of the white "genteel" tradition without ever making you certain that he is composing his novel from within the vantage point of Emma Lou's "genteel" brain. He gives the effect of objectivity where subjectivity is demanded, chiefly because he reports where he should be dramatizing the world as it

appeared to Emma Lou.

## Negro Books Conspicuous in Southern Show

News 3/28/29  
Works of Colored Authors Dis- played At Big Book Exposition In Atlanta.

ATLANTA, Ga., March 25.—At the Southern Book Exposition in progress all this week at the big department store of M. Rich and Bros., this city, books about Negroes and books by Southern Negro authors have had a very conspicuous place. Among the latter group appear Dr. Booker Washington's classical autobiography, "Up from Slavery"; Dr. Robert R. Moton's life story, "Finding a Way Out," and his latest book, "What The Negro Thinks," which is just from the press; James Weldon Johnson's "God's Trombones"; Walter White's "Fire in the Flint," and "Flight"; the poems of Dunbar Mrs. Georgia Douglas Johnson, and T. J. Flannagin, local poet; and Negro histories by Dr. Carter G. Woodson and Dr. Benjamin Brawley.

Most conspicuous among the works of southern authors were Dr. Howard W. Odum's "Rainbow Round My Shoulder," and his two volumes of Negro songs; DuBose Heyward's "Porgy" and "Mamba's Daughters"; Mrs. Julia Peterkin's "Black April" and "Scarlet Sister Mary"; and Dr. E. C. L. Adams' "Congaree Sketches." Of course, "Uncle Remus," as interpreted by Joel Chandler Harris, was present in all the genial glory of his several volumes, some of them in manuscript form. Dr. Odum, Mrs. Peterkin, and Dr. Adams were present in person on successive days, and gave readings which greatly interested the large audiences present.

The generous space accorded in the exposition not only to the stories about Negroes, but to the work of Negro authors them-

selves, is considered significant and has been the occasion of much favorable comment.

## NEW BOOK SOON OFF PRESS

A Leverett Webster, well known young Gary writer whose pamphlet supporting the republican party created a state-wide sensation in the November elections, will soon have another publication coming off the press, it is claimed today.

A message in the form of a souvenir pamphlet is Mr. Webster's latest work. Copies of it will be sent to every state governor, all state legislators, each congressman, and to other prominent and conspicuous statesmen of this nation. It is a plea in behalf of the Negro's cause.

A few copies of the pamphlet will be available to the public, says the writer. Mr. Webster lives at 2364 Massachusetts street.

BLACK MAGIC. By Paul Morand. Viking Press.

Shows stories of negro life in various parts of the world. Includes illustration by Aaron Douglas, the negro artist.

WHAT THE NEGRO THINKS. By Robert R. Moton. Doubleday.

How the negro reacts to the discriminations and injustices thrust upon him.

EARTH BORN. By Howard W. Odum. 12mo. New York: The Century Company. \$2.

A story of negro life on the plantation.





When Addison Hibbard kindled the wick in this Lantern some six years ago and looked at "writing around and about the South," the performance had a good deal the air of a gallant, but mistaken, enterprise. Books were written from time to time by Southern writers, and it is true that Southerners sometimes read them. But as a department of creative literature, the South was supposed to have been utterly dismissed by Mr. Mencken in a famous phrase. That first year, Mr. Hibbard estimated there were about 30 books which he could call Southern, most of them ephemeral. He filled the column by falling back on magazine articles, letters from authors, and universal benevolence.

Yet on those opening years, the present bearer of the Lantern looks with a certain envy. It was a cozy, comfortable column; all the authors knew Hib, and Hib knew all the authors and the Southern literary renaissance being a kind of hand-raised affair anyway, they all took a personal interest in the child. There was a contagious insanity in the idea that you could aid Southern letters by a newspaper column anyway—I think editors who, captivated, one by one took on the new features probably regarded it as a delightful absurdity.

And now look at the darn thing! Here it is 1929, and time for the summary of events for 1928. Obviously we have gone farther afield in discussing books than did our admirable predecessor and yet the increasing publication in Southern letters this last year is something astonishing. The pressure on the column has been tremendous. There yet remain on our shelves two solid rows of books from 1928 to be gone through—some of them, like Emalie Sack's "The Terrible Siren" books of first importance. If we have kept Hib's pleasant habit of concluding each column with a bit of verse, we have had to abandon the ingratiating paragraph of literary information which he wrote, together with much else.

The Southern literary renaissance is then an accomplished fact. Looking back over the Southern books of 1928, what strikes us is the variety and range of accomplishment which they represent. It is a long way from Odum's "Rainbow Round My Shoulder" to Tate's "Mr. Pope and Other Poems," and still longer one from Mrs. Peterkin's "Scarlet Sister Mary" to Foerster's "American Criticism," yet these are all books by writers living in the South in 1928. Southern literature is a complete literature. Even in the field of criticism, it is improving; even in the field of poetry, where hundreds write with ease and few with edge, it displays strength.

Notable as the year has been for the extent and variety of its production, one or two discernible drifts may be followed.

One direction of Southern letters is back to the soil. The writers of 1928 have been oftener engaged in creating literature from the regional life of the South than they have in speculative philosophy. Successes like "The Happy Mountain," "Coquette," "Ol' Man Adam," and "The Gobbler of God" employ the rich like and language of particular place where life is steady and strong, for new uses of lyricity and beauty.

Important has been the development of literature about the Mississippi River which is almost a new strain in the years just closed. Fictionally, it is represented by books like Allen LeMay's "Old Fath-er of Waters," and Harris Dickson's "Children of the River," both historical in import; but the year has also seen books like "Raftin' On the Mississippi" and travel books which catch the glories of that great stream. It lacks as yet its poet.

The movement toward the regional has helped and has been helped by, the documentary study of Southern folk-life in 1928. Books on the negro have been most picturesque; we doubt whether they are either the most important or the most fecund, and, in truth, it seems to us that there is a slackening in the interest in our colored brother. Perhaps the wish is father to the thought; we are a bit fed up on African folkways; but certainly from "Rainbow Round My Shoulder" to "Nigger to Nigger," and from Herskovit's "American Negro," to White's "Folk Songs," 1928 has seen the changes rung. The mountaineers have come in for less statistical and social study, but books like "Sergeant York's Own Story," at one end of the year and "American Mountain Songs" at the other have testified to a continuing interest.

One of the pleasant surprises of 1928 was the revelation of the quantity and worth of scholarly writing being done in the South. Southerners landed books in the League of Nations Book List. The Duke University Press, the University of North Carolina Press and the University of Texas Press all made important contributions to knowledge during the year. In addition, Southerners brought out through other publishers books of merit, often having to do with Southern history or Southern society. Some of this scholarly writing invaded the domain of criticism, as in the cases of Norman Foerster and E. K. Kane, who produced notable books. Probably, however, Judge Winston's "Andrew Johnson" is the most remarkable piece of scholarly productivity that appeared in 1928—a work of great erudition, a well written work, and an honest and sympathetic appraisal of a "Northern" figure by a Southerner. In fact, Judge Winston may be almost said to have discovered Andrew Johnson.

In the field of poetry there has been more heat than light, and more rhyme than reason. "The Lyric South" offered the first fair survey of Southern poetic development since the "renaissance," and the editor, Mr. Hibbard, felt frankly that Southern poets are not facing their problems. The two most distinguished books of verse for the year—Josephine Pinckney's "Sea-Drinking Cities" and Allen Tate's "Mr. Pope"—are important but there clings to both an aura of experimentation rather than of mature achievement. While modernist writing seems to hold the hope of the future, tain, "Coquette," "Ol' Man Adam," and poetically, it is fair to note that much "The Gobbler of God" employ the rich like and language of particular place where life is steady and strong, for new uses of lyricity and beauty.

litical forms. \* \* \* Nineteen twenty-eight has seen a slow spread of the Southern literary movement. Perhaps the widest area of annexation is Alabama. There is a general sense of stir in that commonwealth, which seems now to be spilling over into Mississippi. In Texas, however, there is every indication of an enriching and widening process in the arts, the focus of which seems to be Dallas, though it is hard for us to judge. Virginia, Louisiana, Arkansas and the border states continue their honorable activities; but in many ways, 1928 looks like a banner year for South Carolina. Ned Adams, Julia Peterkin, DuBose Heyward, Josephine Pinckney, John Bennett and Reed Smith have all published or written important books during the year; and in addition, the residence of Wilbur Daniel Steele and Tristram Tupper within her borders at the time gave the Palmetto State credit for two fine novels, "Meat" and "The River."

Finally, the year just ended seems to us notable for the multiplication of book pages in Southern newspapers and of bookstores in Southern cities. We think that the book reviewing done on such pages in the South is at least as good as is found anywhere else in the country, and that its general level tends to be higher. As for the bookstores, the publishers are not greatly encouraged and yet (especially in Florida and Texas) there are certainly more opportunities to buy books in the South now than there ever were before.

Wherefore we unhesitatingly affirm that the South is the literary land of promise in the United States today. With all its stupidities on its head—things like religious prejudice and anti-evolution laws and the like—the South managed last year to produce the most considerable body of intelligent writing outside of New York. It is today more important than New England as a producer of literature. It is at least as important as the Middle West and rapidly becoming more so. We look in 1929 for one of the most colorful years in Southern literary annals.

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## CHRONICLE

By Lord Petri

Now as she slackens, drifting past her prime,  
Men reign and ride the lovely, savage earth,  
And scrawl in marble, ritual and rhyme.  
The precious, puny records of their worth.

With metal-cluttered tombs an early age  
Immortalized each regnant, passing hour:  
The minute mirror of the scribbled page  
Reflects and fixes riper pride and power.

Did not dim cosmic slate or palimpsest  
Write fleetingly the story of earth's youth?  
It is a misty myth, half-gone, half-guessed?

Or does a scroll of living, lasting truth  
Tell how she fashioned flower, mountain,  
moth,

From flame and deluge and volcanic wars,—

And wrought, through crawling slime and gorging sloth,

Until she spawned a race that saw the stars?

You have been in theaters where a man stepped in front of the curtain and asked: "Is there a doctor in the house?" Well, we are tempted to ask: "Is there a thinker in the South?" for it would appear that there are none worth considering if "Recent Gains in American Civilization" (Harcourt, Brace, \$3) is a fair sample of what New York editors think is a representative cross-section of American life.

It appears that "a group of distinguished critics of contemporary life" have got together under the leadership of Kirby Page of "The World Tomorrow" to find out what has been going on in America since the same publishers issued their "Civilization in the United States" six and a half years ago. The only person in the South they thought competent to write for their volume is Charles S. Johnson of Fiske University, who thinks that race relations are better than they were. Somehow this seems to us an extraordinary state of affairs.

If there are any gains in American civilization, the increasing spread of civilization over the South is certainly the most remarkable phenomenon of the last decade. The new South is no more like the old South than Alaska is like Arizona. A surge and energy of life is stirring things up in Dixie. Whole books are being written about it. But the contributors to "Recent Gains in American Civilization," are blissfully superior to noticing progress south of New York. Mr. Charles A. Beard is cheerful about government, but he exhibits no knowledge of the advances made in Southern governmental affairs. Stuart Chase is optimistic about business, but he has nothing to say about the prodigious increase of business in the South. Mary Van Kleeck thinks that industrial relations are improving, but mill villages do not come within her ken. And so on. And so on.

Now we are not, we trust, narrowly provincial. But how any book purporting to deal with recent gains in American civilization can so excessively ignore Southern progress, is a puzzle to

us, or rather it is not a puzzle, for ignorance about the South among New York publishers is appalling. The book says nothing about agriculture—why not?—and naturally says nothing about the work of Knapp and Poe. The book has a very shallow chapter on religion by Harry Emerson Fosdick, but if there is a religious problem in Dixie, Mr. Fosdick's article succeeds in concealing the fact. There is a chapter on literature by Mary Austin; and though in our judgment the most interesting literature being written in the United States today comes out of the South, Miss Austin's article exhibits not the slightly familiarity with any of the work being done.

It is annoying to be ignored. But it is even more annoying to be ignored by complacent provincialism masquerading as profound authority. The ability of New York publishers to miss what is going on in the world is great and increasing—still it would seem that the 12 Southern states could hardly be ignored in any total picture of American civilization, except for the fact that the feat is accomplished before your very eyes. Fortunately, the Southerner is a little more alert to his opportunities.

There is, for example, the picture of American life painted in "Problems in Economics" (Harpers, \$4) by three Southern economists, Dexter M. Keezer, Addison T. Cutler and Frank R. Garfield. This admirable volume is clearly organized, provocative and both human and humane in tone. Economics is presented, not as a theory, but as an approach to our immensely interesting industrial system. The authors draw a great deal of illustrative material from Southern life. Yet the "system" is so prodigious that one feels utterly discouraged in confronting it. An immense and complicated economic machine has got started in the South, the control of which has been only imperfectly achieved; yet, unless the control is achieved, we shall not be happy in the South.



# Notes on Rare Books

**T**HAT the word "bibliography" may be interpreted with the widest latitude is evident from the most interesting examples that have come to us recently. The first is a bibliography of Thomas Carlyle's Writings and Ana," by Isaac Watson Dyer. This is entirely an American product, printed in an edition of 600 copies at the Southworth Press, Portland, Me. The other two, which are English, represent divergent attempts at embalming living authors: "A Bibliography of the Works of John Galsworthy," by H. V. Marrot, published in London by Elkin Matthews and Marrot and in New York by Scribner's at \$7.50; and "Dictionary to the Plays and Novels of Bernard Shaw with Bibliography of His Works and of the Literature Concerning Him, with a Record of the Principal Shavian Play Production," by C. Lewis Broad and Violet M. Broad, published in London by Black and in New York by Macmillan at \$4.

The volume on Carlyle is one of the most considerable, thoughtful and satisfactory bibliographies that has been produced in years. It is the work of a student and lover as well as collector of Carlyle. It is far more than bibliography in the restricted sense employed by collectors, no mere picking over dead men's bones. From the impressive mass of data that Mr. Dyer has assembled in these 600 pages, Carlyle emerges a vivid, complex personality, a cynical, rugged Scotch philosopher, brooding and a little mysterious, not always the ill-natured, querulous peasant that Froude pictured him, revealing, for all his vague and incoherent manderings, a certain nobility of instinct and greatness of soul. Mr. Dyer, who has for the past forty years saturated himself in the lore of Carlyle, considers his subject from the literary and biographical side, giving impartial consideration to criticism both adverse and favorable to his hero. The arrangement is quite simple and convenient. Part I comprises the bibliography proper, beginning with the writings and translations in chronological order, then an alphabetical list with copious notes; next a check list of periodicals in which Carlyle's writings first appeared, and finally a check list of magazines, &c., containing his letters. Part II consists of the Ana, namely, books and articles on Carlyle, ranged under the

author; magazines including articles on him, in alphabetical sequence; the principal portraits, statues, &c., compiled by J. A. S. Barrett; a commentary on them by James L. Caw; and Index to the Ana. The Appendix includes among other things an account of more than passing interest of a little-known invention of Carlyle's in the shoeing of horses to prevent their slipping on ice.

The literature on Carlyle is positively enormous, and the special strength of Mr. Dyer's work lies in the thoroughness with which he has assembled this material, which occupies over 250 pages of the present volume. The bibliography of Carlyle's own writings was prepared in the same spirit, giving evidence that the compiler made a judicious use of the vast body of Carlyle's correspondence to which he had access. A notable achievement in this connection is the long and invaluable passage appended to "Sartor Resartus," telling of the genesis of the book, the cruel struggle the author had to undergo to have it published, and its initial reception.

**S**OMEWHAT different in scope and spirit is the Galsworthy volume, as fine a bibliography of a living author as collectors could desire. It is extremely well printed on a good quality of paper and is adorned with several facsimiles, a frontispiece photograph of Mr. Galsworthy and an unpublished colored cartoon of him by the incomparable Max. In an admirable foreword Mr. Marrot discusses the purpose of bibliography in general, and in particular of his own contribution, which is the fruit of six and one-half years' research. That it aims to serve both collectors and students must account in some measure for its unusual readability and general accuracy. But as a whole other interests seem largely subordinated to those of the first edition hunters. It must have been some satisfaction to work in such material as is offered by Mr. Galsworthy's literary output. Not every major writer of today lends himself to so neat and orderly a scheme of bibliography as that devised by Mr. Marrot. The work is divided into two parts, the first containing the novels (including stories and sketches), the plays, the poetry,

the essays, the pamphlets and the various uniform editions; the second part comprising books and periodicals, together with an iconography.

**E**ACH first or other significant edition is outlined in the conventionally adopted fashion of line-title and page collation followed by a description of the binding. Variant issues, where they occur, are defined with a reasonable amount of clarity, so that collectors of first editions will know hereafter that there are points to look for in "Villa Ruben," "Dark Flower," "Freelands," "The Burning Spear," "In Chancery," "The Little Dream," "Plays: Volume II," "Plays: Fifth Series," "Verses New and Old," "A Sheaf," and "For Love of Beasts." The three "unprocureables" would be the suppressed issues of "The Island Pharisees," "Captures" and "The Full Moon," the original title of "A Bit o' Love." Characteristic of the thoroughness with which Mr. Marrot worked is his inclusion of such invaluable data as the number of copies printed in the first edition, the number bound up at different times, and the number available to collectors. That such important statistical information exercises no dominion whatever over exuberant collectors, the recent Hatton auction (in which examples of some enormous editions fetched record prices) bears eloquent testimony. Very useful, too, is the recording of the exact day of publication showing where the large paper editions were simultaneous with the regular, and where they followed. This is of particular value in the case of the collected and separate editions of the plays, the bibliography of which had hitherto been in a parlous state. On the other hand, it is somewhat inconvenient to have to look for variations in bindings of the plays in a general introductory paragraph, which might better have been included with each individual collation. But such faults are slight enough to be disregarded in the light of Mr. Marrot's dexterous handling of his subject, combining an almost perfect economy with a maximum serviceability, and they will surely be eliminated in a supplement or revised edition, which Mr. Galsworthy's continued productivity will necessitate.

The work of the Broad family on Mr. Shaw is not, properly speaking, a bibliography at all. It

makes no concession to collectors; its "Bibliography," which is an exalted check list, has serious omissions, like that of "War Issues for Irishmen" and "The Case for Equality." Its usefulness would have been enhanced by the inclusion of an index. The synopses given of the plays and novels, like all synopses, miss the spirit, the wit and subtlety of the originals, but because they are Shaw they are entertaining. There can be no doubt that this outline of his life and works, and the record of the various play productions with odd bits of information as to which play enjoyed the longest run and which was the first to be broadcast over the radio, must have a definite appeal for Shaw enthusiasts.

## A PLANTATION STORY

**EARTH BORN.** By Howard Snyder. 264 pp. New York: The Century Company. \$2.

**F**ROM a cycle of recent novels it is quite evident that the negro, when he is aroused, doesn't stop to count ten before he fights. It is also just as patent that white novelists, moving along with the current, are not stopping to count that salutary ten before appealing to their typewriters and dramatizing the "elemental passions" of the Afro-American. Not that a halt should be called to stories about negroes, or about any division of humanity in particular, provided they are good stories. But when a movement takes on the proportions of a fad, any contribution to that movement challenges the comparison of all that has gone before, and because criticism can't function as if each work of art existed in a vacuum, the critic becomes increasingly skeptical and more than ever inclined to severity.

"Earth Born" invites severity. It is a story of plantation life. As such, it is not up to Roark Bradford's "This Side of Jordan," which, in turn, was not up to Julia Peterkin's "Black April." If it had been written some years ago it might have been accepted as something fresh, as an attempt to plow new ground for fiction. But as matters stand at present, it falls upon the ears with the dreaded sound of repetition.

Not that the dialogue of Mr. Snyder's negroes is bad. It is not as varied as Mr. Bradford's, not as rich in "niggerisms," but one can imagine it in the mouth of a negro. And the writing is not bad, either. The whole trouble is that Mr. Snyder has chosen scenes that the others have chosen before him—re-

vival meetings, fights, "pleasuring" parties—ar. has not brought them out in new and more revealing portions as "Black April," the book to which all novels of negro plantation life will be referred until a richer and more beautiful work springs up to take the place of that of Mrs. Peterkin.



# He Won't Stay Put

*Amsterdam News*

WHAT THE NEGRO THINKS. By Robert Russa Moton  
Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York. \$2.50.

THE title of this book will at once catch the attention of Negro cynics and of white people in general. The Negro cynics will say that the words, "If Anything," should be added to the title. One group of Negroes have the idea that, except for themselves, the Negro people have ashes in their heads instead of brains. As for white people, such a thing as a thinking Negro has never entered their minds; they are too full of their own bigoted opinion of the Negro to realize that he may have his own opinion of them. If they can pry open their hermetically sealed minds they will learn a few things from this book.

The ignorance of average (and often more than average) white people concerning the Negro is abysmal. They will see him as a slave or a savage, living in a hut, with barely enough intelligence to learn the alphabet and the multiplication tables, lazy, shiftless, childish and improvident. They open their eyes wide when they see a well-dressed, educated Negro with money in the bank or in property and a finer home and a bigger automobile than theirs. A Negro was graduated from Princeton in 1790 and they don't know it yet.

"What the Negro Thinks" is addressed to the great body of these people. There is nothing new in it for Negroes, who have lived through it. As the author modestly says, the book doesn't tell all that the Negro thinks; but all that it tells is true. It is written in a good-humored, winning style that the most rabid Negro-baiter cannot object to. It is very different from the fiery onsets of Dr. DuBois.

And that is no disparagement of DuBois. His attitude and method are just what is needed to stir the intellectual leaders of the white people to an appreciation of the Negro. He is charged with want of tact, but in all history no revolution of government or sentiment was won by tact. The proof of DuBois's services is that white critics and reviewers seldom miss a chance to take a fling at him. He has made them think, and thinking is uncomfortable.

But if fire is needed to make gains, tact is needed to solidify most effective weapons. He has them. Once the bitter dose is down never resorted to bombing and it is well to have a sweet chaser. This is supplied by a book like Dr. Moton's. Where DuBois shoots the right on his side. This has disconcerted his enemies far more than would rebellions and bloody

race wars, which would give them an argument to justify their conduct.

The most important thing, after all, is the way the Negro reacts to oppression. Dr. Moton finds that nearly all the white people are deceived by the Negro's protective veil of laughter. This laughter, he warns then, does not mean that the Negro is not thinking, and thinking hard. In an eloquent passage Dr. Moton describes the Negro's reaction.

"In the midst of all this the Negro thrives. Segregation, disfranchisement, prejudice, injustice, lawlessness—in spite of them all he prospers. Above it all his voice rises singing; and the note of his joy has become the symbol of our modern America. Whatever he hides in his heart, whatever he may think in the back of his head, he turns to the world a smiling face. And all the while he presses steadily onward, resolved to let nothing hold him down, to let nothing crush his spirit, to let nothing defeat his steadfast purpose of establishing his claim of equal right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Thus the Negro confounds his enemies by playing his own game and not theirs. They settle his hash every day, as they think; but he just won't stay put.

Dr. Moton's book is a masterpiece of fact.

—AUBREY BOWSER.

## Russia's Black Genius

*Amsterdam News*

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER By Alexander Pushkin  
Translated from the Russian by Natalie Dudlington, with an introduction by Edward Garnett. The Viking Press, New York. \$2.00.

WHEN a Russian is asked what author is the highest expression of the national genius he immediately answers: "Pushkin!"

Pushkin is the culmination of all the Russian poetry that went before him and the radiating center of all that has come after him. All others are but reflections of his genius. He was the greatest romanticist and the greatest realist of Russian literature. The Russian critic Wolkonsky describes his verse as "pouring rain with brilliant sunshine."

The Frenchman Merimee, who wrote "Carmen," wonders how Pushkin could write "such beautiful verses in the commonest words, cut from the heart of every-day speech." No other Russian has so fused dream and reality, the sublime and the common. He has been called the Russian Byron. The comparison is inapt. His vogue was Byronic; but his position in Russian letters is far higher than Byron's in English letters. The favorite expression of Wolkonsky

But in America Alexander Pushkin would have had to ride in dirty Jim Crow cars, would have been refused service in restaurants, libraries and theatres. For Pushkin was a Negro.

His life was as romantic and contradictory as his works. Though a Negro, he was a Russian nobleman; though an aristocrat, he narrowly escaped imprisonment for his democratic opinions; though a hard student, he was one of the gayest dudes and lovers of the Russian

court at Moscow; though often in disgrace at court, he was forgiven because of his luminous genius and engaging personality. The Czar called him the wittiest man in Russia. He lived fully and swiftly; he died at the early age of thirty-seven in a silly duel. A descendant of his, the Countess Nada Torby, married Louis of Battenberg, one of England's royal princes.

Two of his works, "Boris Godunov" and "Eugene Onegin" (pronounced "one gin," as in English), were adapted for grand opera. Besides his verse he wrote a history and a number of novels. One of his novels, "The Captain's Daughter," is still popular in Russia. "Eugene Onegin" is generally regarded as his masterpiece.

Pushkin was patriotic to the core. With the vision of genius he saw a hundred years ago that czaristic Russia was headed for disaster. He was dissatisfied with the stupidity of the court and the condition of the common people. In his desire to improve conditions and head off disaster he got himself into trouble more than once, and was implicated in conspiracies which would have cost any other man his head.

"The Captain's Daughter" is Pushkin's historical novel. It deals with the revolt of Pugatchov, a wild Cossack who proclaimed himself Czar, ravaged the rural districts and made the Empress Catherine tremble before he was finally caught and hanged. This book was written in 1832 and it is still widely read in Russia. A hundred years is an unusually long life for a novel. Even Sir Walter Scott, whose example inspired Pushkin to write historical romances, has been thrown on the dust-heap by the intelligentsia, and he will be followed by many others in England and elsewhere.

Pushkin's style is very different from Sir Walter's. Scott has been justly accused of prolixity; he tells wonderful stories, but he takes too long to do it. One is disposed to laugh, however, at the modernists who berate Scott for the length of his stories and then praise Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis for their novels of five, six or nine hundred pages.

Training as a poet saves Pushkin from this fault, though it did not save Scott. Poetry is and must be concise; as Horace said, much must be achieved in a few words. Pushkin achieves it. A modern novelist takes a hundred pages or more to bring his hero to the age of twenty; Pushkin does it in five or six. With a few strokes he accomplishes what would take some writers ten pages to convey. Crediting his readers with intelligence, he leaves something to their imagination.

The life and characters of the people in the Russian fortress, which is the setting of "The Captain's Daughter," are brought before us more clearly with a few strokes than they could possibly be with minute treatment. Pushkin



is old-fashioned; he does not stop to analyze the digestions and nervous systems of his characters.

The old captain of the rude fortress is a henpecked husband, but Pushkin doesn't say so; he suggests it. A sergeant comes to the captain's house to report that a corporal and a private have had a fight. The captain's wife immediately gives orders to have them both punished. When two young officers are discovered dueling she gives orders to have them arrested and tells her servant to take their swords to the pantry!

These incidents are typical of the story. A sentence, a phrase, often a single word, and a character stands out clearly. Pushkin's style is as straightforward and economical as Kipling's.

There is plenty of excitement in "The Captain's Daughter." The snowstorm, the hero's dream, the love affair, the duel, the dumb prisoner, the revolt of the Cossacks, the hangings, the villain's contriving to have the hero arrested for treason—these incidents and more keep the story moving without a lull. One fault of the story is that we are not told what that became of the villain. And the reader would not object to fifty pages more if they told how Pugatchov, the murderous Cossack, was captured and hanged.

"The Captain's Daughter" takes us back to the days when a story was a story and not a pseudo-medical thesis, when a man was a man and not a tangle of obscure complexes.

—AUBREY ROWSER.  
**CAPITAL**  
TOPEKA, KANS.

JUL 23 1929

### "ALL GOD'S CHILLUNS GOT WINGS"

New York is one of the states that does not forbid intermarriage between white and Negro races, and last week the white daughter of Albert E. Sproul married Jerome S. Peterson, a Negro. Both were students of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University. Mr. Sproul, a photographer, welcomes his son-in-law, as he says, "with open arms—he is a wonderful fellow." The Sprouls have been liberal on race matters. "When Mrs. Sproul, who died seven years ago, was alive," Mr. Sproul says, "we welcomed into our home everybody, regardless of race, religion or color. My children have the privilege of choosing whom they want. They're all intelligent, professional people."

The rarity of such instances is a reminder that the prophecies of the old South have failed to be realized. "Do you want your daughter to marry a nigger", they retorted to the ab-

ponent of the extension of slavery and believing that it must become extinct, replied that one could favor giving human rights to a black man, without wanting to marry him or live intimately with him. That is what happened.

Instinct is of, too slow and gradual growth to be overcome in a generation or several generations by mere political conditions, and aversion to inter-racial marriage, or what is termed miscegenation, is not rational but instinctive. The case of Mr. Sproul, who is gratified that his daughter married a Negro, is peculiar. He is a rare specimen of the white race.

Most people will say that here is an example of the fact that James Henry Robinson's widely quoted principle that sentiments which are outraged by opposition are thereby demonstrated to be wrong is either a fallacy, or is at least subject to exceptions. Sentiments based on feeling are no doubt irrational, but instinct may be a safer guide than reason in some things.

### IS DIALECT PASSING?

Commenting on the news that 50 college professors are to prepare for the American Council of Learned Societies a dialect atlas of the United States, The Kansas City Star says:

It is the first time an undertaking of this sort has been attempted in the country. It will be a task of years and will result, it is expected, in a monumental work. But out of the discussion of these learned men has crept a shadow, the significance of which perhaps has not been realized. It is the possibility that some day—who can say how soon?—there may be such scant evidence of dialect in this country that a collection of the kind now projected will be of interest chiefly to the student of linguistic history or to the antiquarian.

America, it is observed, is not the most promising field for the student of dialect. Many of the dialects are disappearing rapidly, it is said, "because American conditions are unproductive of their development; society is too democratic, education is too universal and the mobility of the population is too great." Thus the motor car, the public school, the newspaper and magazine, the railroad train and now the airplane are doing their work, and may be expected to do it at a hastened pace in breaking down sectional differences. The influences relate not simply to speech, but to dress, behavior and even ways of thinking. The Middle Westerner with his "r," the Southerner without it and with his drawl, the New Yorker with his "oi" and the New Englander with his broad "a"—all ultimately are due to fade from the picture of American life.

The dialect atlas will be the work of years. The compilers of it had better hurry—or else move to China or India where they would find labor a-plenty for generations.

The Star is prophetic, perhaps, but is in too big a hurry. Dialect may pass, but not in a day. It will take something more than

an automobile, a radio set and a tabloid newspaper to make the New Englander talk like a Kansan or an Alabamian like a New Yorker. Indeed it will take something more than all of these combined to make even all Alabamians talk alike. The Southwest Alabamian's speech is not precisely like the Southeast Alabamian's, and the speech of neither is precisely like that of the Black Belter, the Tennessee Valleyite or the mountaineer. The people of all these sections have a great deal in common and the superficial observer may fail to see any differences. Nevertheless there are minor variations of accent, and even variations in colloquialisms. If this Montgomery weather were not so infernally like the weather they have in Columbus, Augusta, Macon, Charlotte, Nashville, Jackson, Shreveport, Baton Rouge and Houston we might undertake to give a few examples. But that would call for a little effort and making an effort is not the best thing we do under such conditions. Perhaps later. But all Alabamians do not speak the same language in the same way.

### CITY AND COUNTRY

**PRINCIPLES OF RURAL-URBAN SOCIOLOGY.** By Pittirim Sorokin and Carle C. Zimmerman. 652 pp. American Social Science Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$4.50. Student's edition, \$3.60.

THE authors of this book, both of the University of Minnesota, announce in their preface that it is "in some degree a concise summary" of a fundamental work in three volumes, a "Source Book in Rural Sociology" prepared by them jointly with Mr. Charles J. Galpin, which will be published next year or the year following under the auspices of the United States Department of Agriculture and the University of Minnesota. But they are bringing out this volume at the present time in order to make it available for students and general readers who may not care to go so exhaustively into the subject as will the longer work. They have endeavored to make this "abbreviated manual" a discussion of rural life and rural communities rather than a "mere collection of various data" concerning them, and they have not attempted to evaluate good or evil in rural conditions, influences or effects. In one respect they have made a book quite different from other works of this nature, since they have tried to give it a much broader base, using data from nearly all European countries for the forming of their conclusions. Thus, they believe, they have given a more scientific

character to their discussion. And they have paid much more attention to problems concerning which knowledge and conclusions are still uncertain than they have to those which are already well understood. Most of the chapters carry on a comparison between rural and urban conditions and results, such as bodily differences, health and diseases, length of life, birth rates, marriage, intelligence, criminality, religious culture, political culture, migration and other matters. In each of all these subjects they have collected and studied a vast amount of data, covering many of the civilized countries of the globe, sifting and analyzing it and drawing conclusions from its evidence. And finally they discuss most interestingly the probable relations in the future between country and city as indicated by the tendencies they have disclosed in the several phases which have been examined. Students of sociology will find the book a stimulating and suggestive treatment of an important theme.

litionists. Lincoln, no abolitionist, but an op-



# Now the Negro Shifts From Agriculture to Industry

Forty Articles by Experts, Black and White, Trace the Lines of His Surging Development

**THE AMERICAN NEGRO.** By Donald Young, Editor The Annals. Volume 140. Illustrated by J. L. Wells and Aaron Douglas. 359 pp. Philadelphia: The American Academy of Political and Social Science Series.

By DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH

TO one interested in sociology, in inter-racial problems and especially in the future of the negro in America, this will be an absorbing book. It consists of forty articles written by experts, some of whom are white and some negro, each discussing a different aspect of the life of the negro. The collection is edited and the foreword written by Donald Young, Assistant Professor of Sociology in the University of Pennsylvania, who says, however, that the chief credit should go to Charles S. Johnson, chairman of the Advisory Editorial Committee.

Those who have not kept up with the march of events in the past few years will find much here to surprise them. The tremendous progress made by the negro in industry, in education, in art and creative literature, in social and cultural life, in ethical and moral standards, challenges the respect of the civilized world. It is as if a vast energy and ambition, restrained, repressed, but developing in the dark, had burst forth in achievement within a few years. The new Harlem, that extraordinary city within a city—black and brown and yellow—appearing almost with the suddenness of a geyser in the midst of an astonished white metropolis, is a symbol of what is taking place. A new race pride is developing. The self-consciousness with reference to the period of slavery that made for an inferiority complex is being replaced by a pride in the ancient history of the black race, as well as in the later accomplishments. Color is not so much a "shroud" now as it is a banner. The leaders today are ambitious to elevate the standards of life in every worthy

way and to teach respect for their own racial dignity.

The negro is changing from an agricultural to an industrial worker. The checking of immigration that stopped the flow of unskilled European laborers during and immediately after the World War caused the negroes to move in hordes from the tenant cotton farms of the South to the cities of the North and East. The marvelous attitude of the younger generation is that the white renters did not likewise seek escape from their condition, which is in many instances little, if any, better than peonage. The North, that had always considered the negro—domiciled in the warmer climes supposed to be most favorable to him—a Southern "problem," and had maintained a patronizing attitude toward white and black alike regarding it, now found the Black Belt moving upward, the geographical centre of colored population now approaching the North and East. The result has been a readjustment, both in cotton field and city block. As Professor Young says in his foreword, "the changes in the past fifteen years are of such magnitude that new accounting requires that old theories and attitudes be held up to the light of our newer knowledge."

The articles in the volume are grouped under main topics, with various discussions of detailed aspects of the subject. For instance, the first grouping has to do with race relations. W. E. Burghardt DuBois, editor of The Crisis, has a thoughtful and impassioned argument on race relations in the United States. Dr. DuBois, who has long been recognized as a leader among his people, by his achievements in education, in editorial work as well as in creative literature, has done much to bring about the renaissance of the negro. Robert E. Park of the Department of Sociology in the University of Chicago makes a scientific analysis of the bases of race prejudice, in which he says, among other things: "Antagonism to the negro in the North is different from that which he meets in the South. In the North it is less prejudice than antipathy, which is something more elementary and insidious." H. W. Bond of Fisk University calls attention to the crusade for economic self-sufficiency as shown in the teachings of Booker T. Washington, and the philosophical attitude of the younger generation of negro writers and speakers. He mentions the latter as a spirit that frees itself from a provincial and subjective view of race, a more scientific attitude. "Racial oppression accordingly comes to be a phenomenon to be studied and even to be laughed at, rather than a monstrous imposition calculated to stir one's soul to bitter anger."

The division taking up the topic of the negro as an element in the scientific discussions of investigations, with graphs and statistics of such matters as the American mulatto, the negro family, the negro criminal, the feeble-minded and pauper contingent in institutions, the negro in relation to health and disease. The black man had a much higher death rate than the white, but that is explained as due to ignorance, poverty and lack of medical care. Yet he is found to be less liable to certain ailments, such as nervous instabilities, to cancer of the skin, to locomotor ataxia and diabetes. The rural negro seldom commits suicide, but the suicide rate for his urban brother is three-fourths that for the whites. (Evidently there is something to be said for the cotton patch, after all.) The training of negro nurses is helping to build up the health of the race by disseminating education in hygiene. The legal status of the colored man is studied in detail by James Weldon Johnson and Herbert J. Seligmann of the Society for the Advancement of Colored people, who take up "Legal Aspects of the Negro Problem," and by Kelly Miller

of Howard University in "Government and the Negro," and by Ernest Burgess of the University of Chicago, who makes a study of "Residential Segregation in American Cities."

The economic achievements of the race are discussed in various papers. Charles S. Johnson writes of the changing economic status of the negro. He relates how in early days the slaves on plantations were skilled artisans as well as field hands. "A negro made the shoes in which President Monroe was inaugurated; another laid the intricate patterned tiling in the Monticello home of Thomas Jefferson." He says that just prior to the northward migration which became pronounced in 1918 the situation of the negroes had changed materially. "The white laboring class in the South had overcome much of its traditional attitude toward negroes; it was developing a working-class consciousness and gradually pushing negroes from practically all lines except domestic service. Competition in agriculture had become severe in the new territories. Negro movement to cities had glutted the market, holding down wages and increasing the fears of white labor." Then the flight northward and the rise of black sections in Chicago, New York and other large cities. He says that between 1915 and 1928 approximately 1,200,000 negroes moved from the South to the North, although not all of them remained.

In this connection it is timely to speak of the aid and inspiration which the Harmon Foundation is giving to creative expression among negroes by awards for worthy accomplishments in painting, in sculpture, in music and in literature. The gold medal in literature goes this year to Claude McKay for his novel "Home to Harlem" and the bronze medal to Nella Larsen Imes for her novel "Quicksand." This volume contains many other articles that tempt a reviewer to comment and quotation. It is an extremely rich and varied study which will undoubtedly have its influence in aiding the further development of the negro race in America. The largest of the life insurance companies was established by a barber." But now the opportunities are opening up and negroes are entering many forms of business with surprising success.

Alain Locke of Howard University has an extremely interesting article in which he sets forth the

contribution of the negro to art and literature in America. He speaks of the "New Negro Movement," which, he says, "has in a decade produced the most outstanding formal contribution of the negro to American literature and art." He discusses the "race realists" and the "race symbolists," the attitude of the white American to negro cultural traits, the value of the folklore and folk-music of the colored people, the effect of slavery upon literature and so forth. He pays honor to some of the leading figures in their literature—Charles W. Chestnutt, Paul Laurence Dunbar, W. E. B. DuBois, William Stanley Braithwaite, Jessie Fauset and Walter White among others. He thinks that their work is admirable, and "gains half or more of its value as social documents." He heralds the work of a group, including Jean Toomer, Eric Walcott, Langston Hughes, Countee Cullen, Claude McKay, John Mathews, Lora Thurston, Nella Larsen Imes and others, of whom he says: "The work of the younger generation stands artistically self-sufficient and innerly controlled."

Dr. George E. Haynes, secretary of the Commission on Church and Race Relations, has a scholarly and thoughtful article on the relation of the Church to negro progress, showing the ways in which the Church has aided racial development and even artistic achievement, as in music, poetry and art.

Monroe W. Work of Tuskegee tells of the negro in business and the professions. The ministry was the earliest to be entered, and still shows the largest number of candidates, with teaching next. Facilities for training for other professions is tragically inadequate. Fifty-two schools give courses in theology, but there are only two medical schools for negroes and but three schools for training law yers. "The average negro businessman, unlike the average white man, until recently had next to no special opportunities to obtain business training. The first negro bank was established by a preacher. The largest of the life insurance companies was established by a barber." But now the opportunities are opening up and negroes are entering many forms of business with surprising success.

Alain Locke of Howard University has an extremely interesting article in which he sets forth the





W. E. Burghardt  
DuBois.

The Illustrations  
on This Page  
Are  
From Portraits  
by  
Winold Reiss.



## Religion in Africa

Langston Hughes.

THE SOUL OF THE BANTU. By W. C. Lilloughby, professor of Missions in Africa, Kennedy School of Missions, Hartford Theological Seminary. Double-day, Doran & Co., Inc. \$5

By MIMS THORNBURGH  
WORKMAN

Religion, if it is to be understood as a corporate and evolving thing, must be approached through the study of folklore. Culture-groups are not more important than the contrasting in almost every conceivable mode of life may reveal latent similarities when they seek to express humanity's basic motivation toward the unseen. It is well known to students of comparative religion that ancient primitive peoples — contemporary ancestors — may illuminate certain phenomena which the more highly developed faiths have carried over from earlier stages in their evolution. More over, there may be actual parallels due to a common origin as between

early Hebrew religion and that of the desert Arab today. No cult or creed has ever lived to itself alone. Baptism, circumcision, funerary and harvest rites, and such like, have never been the peculiar possession of any system or group. Christianity has its roots in Hebrew religion, and that was influenced by all, or nearly all the dominant cultures with which the Jews, a subject people, had to do. And in Christianity itself, if the categories and the vocabulary deposited upon it by centuries of western paganism through which it has filtrated are not more important than the original creative inspiration of Jesus, they are at least more obvious in the church of today. Religion, like our human organism, is what it is because it was what it was, and where, and when.

### New Order Missionaries.

By the same token, every missionary of the new order will be an anthropologist. He will understand that morals and mores are cognate words because the facts they stand for are related in actual life as effect and cause. He will equip himself with social psychology. He will hope to develop and improve the indigenous cults. He will have no secret wish to suppress them.

That is impossible, anyhow. They buried with them, and often, as deities of the specific household are may become absorbed, they cannot well, some of their living wives and slaves. They need food, such as drought, war, and the agricultural cycle, the whole tribe agree with Sir Oliver Lodge that the "dead" enjoy the same things as we do here. There is no domestic or agricultural function that the Bantu will undertake without first ascertain the will of the departed; he has server appears only hideous. But through the apparatus of revelation, through calamities, through dreams, through the ravings of the "possessed," through prophets, through reincarnations in animals or even in human beings, and by divination, he needs to decide for himself. The grave is shrine. After the Bantu has buried his forebears, they are not dead to him, they live, and affect his tribal life. Because they live, and need the ordinary means of life in the unseen world, their weapons and trinkets are in matters of family import the



FEB 24 1929

# Negro Problems and Solution

Scott Nearing's "Black America," Suggests  
Plan for the Self-Emancipation of Race

By V. F. Calverton

BLACK AMERICA, by Scott Nearing. Vanguard Press. \$3.

THE position of the Negro in America is an immense and tragic contradiction. Although emancipated in 1863 and established with a civil status in 1867 and living in a country that prides itself upon its democratic forms, his opportunities for advance to this very day are curbed at every point by the white man. The irony in this situation reveals itself in many ways. Beginning with the Puritans' justification of his enslavement by contending that bringing him to America became "God's work" because it brought him within the influence of a "gospel-dispensation," the Negro has never been able to escape this kind of sanctimonious exploitation. Even to-day it continues, only in a more subtle form. It has always been an economic expedient to give to investment the aspect of piety and to exploitation the character of virtue.

After the Civil War when the Proclamation of Emancipation was supposed to have been put into effect, the irony became a more profane one. The Negro as a citizen was given the right to privileges that before were even beyond his aspiration. He could vote, for instance, and move about freely from State to State. Such at least was implicit in his new status, and only such a condition should be tolerable from the point of view of a progressive democracy.

Yet in almost every Southern State to-day it is practically impossible for him to vote at all, and in the matter of movement from place to place there are a number of cities and towns like Waverly, O., and Lawrenceburg, Ind., where he is forbidden to live, or like Syracuse, O., where it is definitely written "a Negro is not permitted to stay overnight under any consideration." In addition to that, in all States south of the Mason-Dixon line, with the exception of Maryland, he must travel in Jim Crow style and never venture a protest in public against this form of discrimination.

The lynching bee still remains as a means of terrifying him into submission.

IN every field of endeavor, industrial, professional and educational, the hand of oppression is still heavy upon him. Even in the North his position is far from satisfactory. While discrimination in the Northern States is less obvious, its existence is undeniable. If the form of equality, in way of the vote, and more extended right to education and economic privilege, are there, its substance is not. In neither the professional nor the commercial worlds can the Negro enter with the white man on an equal basis. In the office of almost every firm, in the faculty of almost every college, and on the staff of almost every hospital, the Negro, regardless of merit, cannot appear. The white man excludes him with inexorable decision.

The Negro's only recourse is to build up his own commercial, professional and educational worlds. He must build up Negro corporations, Negro banks, Negro hospitals and Negro colleges. It is only in these that Negro talent can find a place. This is what he has done, but in no instance has he been able to provide sufficient work of intelligent variety for the increasing numbers of educated men and women of his race. (Negro enterprise, for example, covers less than 1 per cent. of American industrial enterprise.) The result has been tragic. Thousands of educated Negroes, because of the color barrier which prevents them from meeting the whites in an open battle of merit, are forced to forms of labor that are very often uninviting and crude. Only in certain minor phases of industry has the Negro been able to force his way. The major industries are still closed to him. On every side he is hemmed in by the hegemony of the white man.

It is because Scott Nearing's "Black America" states these facts with such fearless candor and em-

phasizes them with such convincing force, into our own day because the statistics and illustrations that it Negro is still, in a subtler way, a sub-challenges immediate and extensive coordinate and subject race.

consideration. Compared with Dowd's "The Negro in American Life" or Reuter's "The American Race Problem," Nearing's volume marks great advance in acuteness of analysis and sweep of conclusion. Where Dowd and Reuter skirt around the edges of the problem Nearing goes to its very root. While most books on the Negro have about them a certain tone of apology and are often characterized by an element of condescension, "Black America" is free of these limitations in spirit and motivation.

Its interpretation of the Negro problem is economic at basis. Nevertheless, it does not try to evade racial and psychological factors; it tries to show, however, that their existence is largely dependent upon the economic milieu. The vast Negro migrations of the twentieth century, for instance, in which over 100,000 black souls migrated from Southern to Northern latitudes, Nearing explains as part of the world movement away from the land. The race riots of a decade ago he interprets as an expression of the economic conflict caused by the competition of the two races which resulted, in good part, from these migrations to the industrial centres of the North and West.

That attitudes toward the Negro and the behavior of the Negro himself have been largely determined by the economic factor can scarcely be disputed. The first anti-slavery societies were organized in the South when the Negro slave was thought to be unprofitable merchandise. When the cotton gin was invented, however, and the value of the slave immediately leaped, the anti-slavery societies disappeared and pro-slavery cults dedicated to the most absurd rationalizations of the virtue and value of slavery seemed to multiply with almost every dawn. Then, too, the revival of the Ku Klux Klan after the World War in its Southern emphasis upon the Negro was in response to the economic advance of the black race.

After the war the Negro became a more active economic competitor than he had ever been before. In the large cities, where race riots occurred, his competition was looked upon as a grave menace. That psychological contempt for the Negro—tantamount often to a deep-set antagonism—which characterizes the attitude of whites in the North as well as the South originated in the slave-epoch as the natural attitude of the oppressor toward the oppressed, and has continued, despite change and ad-

## DETROIT HAS 'BLUE BOOK'

DETROIT, Mich., July 25. — (A. N. P.)—A blue book of Detroit, Mich., has just been released by the Detroit Independent. The title page describes the 48 pages of 8 3/4 by 1 1/4 of heavy book paper, with coated blue cover pages, as a "complete survey of the activities in Greater Detroit for 1929, with classified business and professional directory"; and the contents live up to front page promises.

In addition, there is a tabulation of historical facts pertaining to race interests in the city and environments that would make an excellent thesis for one seeking a master's degree for competent research. Perusal of the editorial features of the publication is certain to enhance one's knowledge of one of the greatest cities of our country; and a city that has contributed much to race progress.

A copy of the book has been placed in the library of the small business unit of the Department of Commerce in Washington, where it will be available to callers as a source of information regarding Detroit merchants and business men.

Ninety-one different lines of business are listed under the various Plans To Publish Book

About Missouri Negro

Jefferson City, Mo., A-N-P—Attorney Robert S. Cobb of Jefferson City, Mo., who is special Assistant to the Missouri Workmen's Compensation Commission will in the near future publish a book on Social Problems of the Missouri Negro. Mr. Cobb who served eight years as Executive Secretary of the Missouri Negro Industrial Commission will give the public the benefit of his experience as a student of social problems.

An intensive survey is now made which embraces studies in economic, penal, educational, and industrial problems as they pertain to the colored citizens of Missouri.

Mr. Cobb announced that the publication will be released early in 1930. He is now the only colored assistant to the State Compensation Commission with offices in the State Capitol at Jefferson City.

There are, of course, many aspects of Negro life in America that are not considered at all in this book. Certainly one of its main inadequacies is its failure to capture anything of the warm, rich contributions to American culture which have sprung from the American Negro. There is no mention of the importance, in terms of artistic originality and beauty, of the Negro spirituals and blues, or of Negro folklore, or any consideration of jazz, the most outstanding invasion in modern music, which the Negro has advanced to a point of amazing perfection. Nor is the new literature that has been written by the Negro treated within the pages of this volume. In a sense, to be sure, it is scarcely fair of one to expect such things in a study that is primarily economic in character, and yet they are so conspicuously a part of the life of black America that one cannot but regret their exclusion. Despite these omissions, however, "Black America" is the best book on the American Negro that has appeared.



# The Road to Africa

*Black Magic.* By Paul Morand. Translated by Hamish Miles. The Viking Press. \$3.

*Travels in the Congo.* By André Gide. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

HERE are two books, each the product of a Frenchman who has observed the Negro. Beyond the nationality of the authors and their subject matter the linking abruptly ends. André Gide writes within the first score of pages of his notable "Travels in the Congo": "The less intelligent the white man is, the more stupid he thinks the black." It is unfortunate that M. Morand did not have this simple statement framed and hanging over his desk as he wrote "Black Magic."

For Morand, despite his boast of having traveled thirty thousand miles in visiting twenty-eight Negro countries (countries in which Negroes live), might far more profitably have spent all this time and energy observing one Negro and finding out what that Negro's thoughts and reactions really were before he began to write. Morand has most superficially though entertainingly looked at the outermost layers of Negro mentality; the result is an amusing and, at times, well written

series of sketches of how Paul Morand thinks he would react were he a Negro. The low state of literary criticism in these United States is distressingly revealed by the reviews which have acclaimed Morand's "admirable detachment" and "cool objective realism" and by declarations that Morand's is "the first real picture of the Negro we have had."

Of what does this picture consist? Eight short stories laid variously in the United States, the West Indies, Europe, and Africa. Seven of the eight tales are as rigidly of a pattern as the stories in the *Saturday Evening Post*. The thesis of them all is that Negroes, no matter of what training, environment, economic circumstance, mental development, character or admixture of white blood, revert to primitive savagery the instant their surface culture is scratched. Consider, for example, Morand's most silly example of hobby-riding in the tale, Syracuse. A Negro, born in America, knowing little or nothing of Africa, a gifted business man and organizer, happens to wander into the Terhueren Museum at Brussels. There he sees a Congo mask—and promptly goes native. Congo tells of a dancer, grown famous in Parisian theaters and cabarets, who goes to her death after several improbable adventures which followed discovery of a "bad-luck" charm. Excelsior reveals Morand's notion (and probably no one else's) of what Negroes who cross the color line do and think. Good-bye, New York tries ludicrously to tell how a colored woman, wealthy, educated, and so fair none could distinguish the presence of Negro blood, also "goes native" when white prejudice causes her to be abandoned on a world cruise in Africa. In only one story, Charleston, does Morand tread on sure ground when he tells of the results of the attraction a black man has for a Southern white woman in southern France.

Despite its meretricious character, born of mere cleverness with little intellect or intelligent observation back of it, there are in "Black Magic" numerous pages of brilliant descriptive writing. The stories are amusing and interesting. The drawings by Aaron Douglas are superb additions to the book. This young Negro's work, which gained considerable attention in James Weldon Johnson's "God's Trombones," is maturing into a delicacy and sureness which mark him as one to be watched and appreciated as one of America's distinguished craftsmen.

Morand's superficiality can be seen after one has read half a dozen pages of Gide's lucid prose. "Travels in the

Congo" is a day-by-day record of sights, smells, sounds, and reactions met with in a voyage through parts of Africa little traveled by whites. Gide not only is a profound writer of distinguished prose but he is an observer of keen perceptiveness who records what he sees and hears and not what preconceived notions make him think he sees and hears. Though M. Gide made his long journey in a semi-official capacity, that circumstance seems never to have stayed his hand in his ruthless criticism of those French companies and their agents who are so viciously exploiting the natives of these French colonies. Once on seeing enormous fields of unrequited manioc and castor oil he tells the reason—that all the men are "either gathering rubber, or in prison, or dead, or fled." In another place he reflects on the horrors of exploitation he has seen.

I cannot content myself with saying, as so many do, that the natives were still more wretched before the French occupation. We have shouldered responsibilities regarding them which we have no right to evade. The immense pity of what I have seen has taken possession of me; I know things to which I cannot reconcile myself. What demon drove me to Africa? What did I come out to find in this country? I was at peace. I know now. I must speak.

In the nearly four hundred pages of his book M. Gide proceeds then to tell all that he has seen. He does not limit himself to horrors or injustices by any means. He tells of the climate, the people, the terrain, conversations, what he has read en route, and his reactions to that reading. In brief, the book is a magnificent picture of a keenly sensitive and alert mind in its contact with new experiences. It is to be hoped that the book will have the circulation which it so richly deserves.

**CIVIL WAR DAYS**  
**CALEB CUTTER, NEW ENGLANDER.** By Edwin C. Washburn. 368 pp. Englewood, N. J.: Privately printed for Edwin C. Washburn. \$2.50.

HERE is a novel difficult to classify—a romance which is in spite of its use of imagination, somewhat closer to history than to fiction. It is a colloquial narrative covering the interminable political brawls that preceded the outbreak of the Civil War. The election of Lincoln, the fall of Fort Sumter, and the inception of the bitter hostilities which were accepted in Washington and Richmond almost as a social occasion, and which the majority of the participants supposed would last only a few weeks. When the first troops who started the confident march into the South were turned back upon Washington, and the disappointed spectators hurried home in distress, when the war had settled down into a grim, year-long conflict, the narrative closes. "Caleb Cutter, New Englander," is the second volume of a projected series dealing with the history of a typical American family. The first volume, "John Read, American," carried the story of the Reads and Cutters to the year 1860. One of the remarkable features of the present book, which continues the story, is the minor rôle which

WALTER WHITE  
Caleb Cutter himself plays in the tale which bears his name upon the title line. In the opening chapters Bill Evans, an extremely rough and untamed Westerner from Kansas, a friend of Abe Lincoln in his stump-speaking days, is trying to convince the harassed Iowa farmers of the need for a new railroad, and to inoculate them simultaneously with his own hatred of the slave traffic. After a few turbulent and disconnected episodes, in which Bill narrowly escapes lynching for offering assistance to runaway slaves, the railroad is agreed upon. Bill starts East to interest financiers in his project.

He reaches Massachusetts and confers with Caleb Cutter and John Read. They strongly advise Bill to postpone his enterprise until Spring. With the election of Lincoln and the rumbling threats of secession, business is beginning to look very black. The spotlight suddenly shifts, and John Read, the upstanding young nephew of Caleb Cutter, occupies the centre of the stage. John has been newly married and his domestic happiness inclines him to shrink from the thought of war. But his patriotic New England traditions are outraged by the idea of secession. Fort Sumter surrenders, Lincoln sends out his stirring call for 75,000

volunteers, and Bill Evans and John Read are caught up in the tide of war. By means of Bill's old association with Lincoln we are given an intimate view of the White House during the first days of the struggle, with the tragic, ungainly figure of the President brooding over the fate of the nation. Through John Read, marching as a private with a galling knapsack and a shiny new rifle, we are permitted to witness the Battle of Bull Run and the panic-stricken retreat upon Washington. Historically the book never reaches a climax, for it leaves the affairs of the nation at a most critical ebb. Romantically it is very satisfactorily concluded, with Bill Evans's clumsy courtship making excellent progress, and with John Read safely at home on leave, his infant son in his arms.

There is a good deal of incoherence in the plot of "Caleb Cutter," and the characters are mere lay figures, cut to a long-familiar pattern. But its historical material has been gathered with more than usual care and is presented with engaging enthusiasm.

## WRITING SOUTH'S HISTORY FROM SLAVE'S VIEWPOINT

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Dec. 5.—(By C. N. S.)—One of the faculty of Drury College, located here, Mr. O. K. Armstrong, is writing a history of the South from the viewpoint of the slave. It is claimed that the educator and author has interviewed nearly 400 former slaves in his quest for material, a quest which has taken him to every state in which slavery was practiced. Armstrong has talked to six former slaves who are more than 100 years old, and to 40 who are over 90 years. The book will be called "Ole Massa's People."

Its publication is awaited with much interest.



# Bibliography-1929

## SATURDAY REVIEW FEATURES REVIEW OF NEGRO BOOKS.

New York, Aug. 6. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 W. 45th St. New York City, publishes in its issue of July 27, as its feature article a review by Prof. Howard W. Odum of the University of North Carolina of six recent books about the Negro. The six volumes are: "What the Negro Thinks," by Robert R. Moton; "Rope and aggot: A Biography of Judge Lynch," by Walter White; "Banjo," by Claude McKay; "Black Magic" by Paul Morand; "Nigger to Nigger" by E. C. L. Adams; and "The American Negro," the bound volume of the Negro number of the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.

Prof. Odum sees in these and other recent books a growing ability and objectiveness on the part of Negro writers who are making, in his opinion, notable contributions to American and world literature. From white writers he sees an increasing appreciation of the artistic elements and background in Negro life and experience, and an effort to influence the public to "look at" rather than "feel about" the Negro, to see him as he really is, rather than as he might be or as the white man has thought he was or ought to be.

"Congo Gods," by Otto Lurken, announced for immediate publication by Coward-McCann, is the first novel of a Danish author who, until he was 47, had never written anything but entries in a ship's log and letters home from the ends of the earth. He started out as a soldier of fortune, serving six years as a captain in the Belgian Army in Africa, after which he worked for an American concern in the Congo; he was torpedoed by submarines during the war as he commanded Danish vessels; he was shipwrecked in Iceland; organized the stevedores of Petrograd Harbor for the Soviet; shipped as wireless operator on a transatlantic steamer. When he was 47 his health failed, and he turned in desperation to writing. A short story of his experience in the Congo was accepted by Politiken, the leading Copenhagen newspaper. More short stories followed, then a play, "The Grand Duke," and then "Congo Gods."

## 'AGGREY OF AFRICA' PUBLISHED

Chicago, Sept. —(ANP) Writing with all the force and insight which won widespread comment in 1928 for "The Golden Stool," Edwin W. Smith had added the zest of personal narrative in relating the story of J. E. Kuegyi Aggrey in "Aggrey of Africa," just published by Doubleday, Doran. He was selected by the Phelps Stokes Fund to prepare the biography of the man who was twice member of its commission to Africa. Royalties will be paid to Dr. Aggrey's widow to be used toward the education of their children and the advancement of the cause which Dr. Aggrey furthered.

Dr. Smith, whose scholarship, authorship, and work in Africa have won him wide renown, makes the following statement in the preface of the book:

"It has been my endeavor to set Aggrey's life against its African and American background. Many historical and other references which might seem out of place in some biographies are here necessary if Aggrey is to be understood. I have had no desire to paint an idealized picture, but have striven rather to portray Aggrey as he was—a very human being. I leave it to readers to draw the moral of his life. I would here only point out that this story must give pause to such writers as Dr. McDougall, who declares that the African race "has never produced an individual of really high mental and moral endowments, even when brought under foreign influences," and adds: "It would seem that it is incapable of producing such individuals."

The following are facts gleaned from a biographical table in the book:

Aggrey was born at Anamabu, Gold Coast in 1875, and he died in New York in 1927. He was baptized in 1883 and entered school the same year. In 1891 he was an assistant teacher in 1896 an interpreter on the Ashanti Expedition. In 1898 he went to America to enter Livingstone College, Salisbury, N. C. where he was graduated in 1902. He was ordained to the A. M. E. Zion ministry and served several years as a preacher in that denomination in 1903 and the following year was enrolled in Columbia University. He was married in 1905, received M. A. and D. D. degrees in 1912, accepted a pastorate in 1915, spent 1920-21 in Africa, took the M. A. degree at Columbia in 1923, and was in Africa from 1924-27 after passing examinations for the Ph. D. degree from Columbia.

Some of the sayings of Dr. Aggrey as quoted by Dr. Smith are: "I am proud of my colour; whoever is not proud of his colour is not fit to live."

"I tell the southern people of America, with whom I have lived for over twenty years, that they have a special contribution to make toward the solving of the race problem, and of the civilization of Africa. They have lived side by side with us; they know our faith, our loyalty, our honesty, our sensitiveness; they know the things we prize the most; such knowledge should be used for the extension of God's Kingdom."

"I want all my people, my countrymen, women and men, to be educated in the larger sense, in heart, hand, and head, and thus render Africa indispensable in spiritual, intellectual, and commercial products to the world."

The author in the chapter, "The Man", says of Aggrey, the Apostle of Laughter:

"Aggrey was an African of the Africans . . . Aggrey's gait was genuine and infectious . . . As an orator Aggrey was superb . . . One element in his power was his very remarkable insight . . . His vitality was intense . . . A great simplicity marked his manner of life . . . There was a strong strain of mysticism in Aggrey's constitution . . . his work was done as an artist and a prophet."

**MASTASIA ARRIVES**, by Eleanor G. R. Young. 228 pp. New York: George Sully & Co., Inc. \$1.50. 10-15-29  
**Humorous short stories dealing with a negro character.**  
**THE MERCURY STORY BOOK**, 12mo. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.  
**A collection of short stories from The London Mercury. With an introduction by J. B. Priestley.**  
**THRILLEES**, 12mo. New York: Edward J. Clode, Inc. \$2.  
**Tales by Wells, Rohmer, Doyle and others.**

## A BOOK ON THE BELGIAN CONGO.

M. Louis Franck's Monumental Volume

M. Louis Franck, some time Colonial Minister in Belgium, says "The Times," has written a book, "Le Congo Belge," in which he describes, briefly, the history of the country, and, at more length, its present condition. The book is published by La Renaissance du Livre, Brussels. M. Franck has had many helpers in bringing out this work, among them M. Henri Jaspar (the present Prime Minister and Minister for the Colonies), high Colonial officials, and technical experts. The book is well documented and has many excellent photographs, most of which were taken by the Queen of the Belgians and the Duke of Brabant.

The administration of the Belgian Congo is carried out on lines similar to those followed in British Crown Colonies, and a great deal depends on the character of the district officials, for the Congo is so vast that close supervision by the higher authorities is difficult. There is no power of legislation in the colony, and in general the recommendations of the Colonial Minister are adopted by the Belgian Parliament. There is, however, a Colonial Council, consisting of fifteen members, eight nominated by the King and six by Parliament, and presided over by the Colonial Minister. This Council, though a purely advisory body, has great influence.

It was only after the war that the Belgian nation really recognised that the Congo Colony, for its proper development, needed financial assistance, which was then forthcoming, and it is during the last decade, therefore, that the greatest progress has been made. Much attention has been paid to hygiene, new railways have been built, and agriculture encouraged. The important question of the proprietorship of the land is discussed in an interesting chapter by M. Franck, who, in his historical survey, admits the errors committed during the Leopoldian régime (though he praises much of the work of Leopold II.). In the Congo, under its present Government, the principle that land without other owner belongs to the State has been combined with the native belief that work on the land confers ownership of its produce. It is stated that only such land as is neither in the present possession of the natives nor is at all likely to be needed by them is granted to Europeans, and then only under certain definite conditions. M. Franck recognises that the future of the Belgian Congo, as of others parts of Africa, depends to a great extent upon the development of native agriculture, and the Belgians contend that the more

native agriculture develops the greater will become the extent of the land effectively in their possession. Other industries of the colony, of which the most important are the copper mines at Katanga, receive comparatively brief treatment, and the mining of radium is dismissed in a couple of paragraphs. Radium was first discovered in the colony during the war, and the Congo at the present time practically possesses the monopoly of radium production throughout the world. A second volume will appear shortly, and in it an attempt will be made to tell the story of the "heroic" period of Congo history which began with H. M. Stanley's discoveries and continued with the founding of the "Free State" and the crushing of the Congo Arabs.

A special review of this great work is being prepared for THE AFRICAN WORLD.

## FINDS NEW JOURNAL WRITTEN BY DUMAS

English Editor Translates Work Now Published Under Title "On Board the Emma."

A newly discovered and previously unpublished journal by Alexandre Dumas will be issued today by D. Appleton and Company under the title "On Board the Emma," according to an announcement yesterday.

When and how the manuscript was discovered and why it went unpublished for nearly seventy years the publishers declined to reveal yesterday, saying that it had been found and translated by R. S. Garnett, English author and editor of Blackwood's Magazine, and that there could be no doubt as to the authenticity of the journal.

The new volume narrates the adventures of Dumas aboard his yacht Emma in the Mediterranean between May and November, 1860. Mr. Garnett considers it clear that Dumas, when he began the journal, intended it to fall into his series of travel-books published under the general title of "Impressions de Voyage." After a leisurely voyage from Marseilles, his starting point, however, Dumas joined Garibaldi at Genoa and sent several letters about the Italian fighter to "La Presse" in Paris.

After publication in this newspaper, these war letters which had aroused much interest, appeared in 1861 with additions, in a volume called "Les Garibaldiens: Révolution de Sicile et de Naples." "This book," says Mr. Garnett, "is eloquent in its 'blanks' and rows of dots betokening omissions and bewildering leaps in point of time. Its contents were, in fact, hastily put together from the manuscript to harmonize with the title 'Les Garibaldiens.' Dumas's personal adventures were omitted unless they happened to be relevant to the title."

It is these personal adventures of French author, omitted from the



1861 volume, which constitute the newly-found manuscript. To provide proper chronology, the newly-found chapters have been interpolated with the chapters which appeared in 1861. Thus of the entire fifty-four chapters included in "On Board the Emma," twenty-eight are listed as hitherto unpublished.

"The manuscript is written in a beautiful cursive hand of singular regularity, without punctuation or accents and is extraordinarily free from erasures," according to Mr. Garnett.

## Congo Trails

THEN I SAW THE CONGO. By Grace Flandrau. 305 pp. New York. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

In the opening chapter, Grace Flandrau, author of "Then I Saw the Congo," states that only the dullest travelers go to see places, that travelers with imagination desire to see people. She and her companions, another woman and the two men who operated the movie cameras, traveled through the Belgian Congo and British East Africa, from the mouth of the Congo River to Mombasa, on the Indian Ocean. Their particular object was to see and photograph primitive African people.

The journey consumed about six months, and it was made by steamer, train, automobile, canoe and "tipoye" (which seems to be a particularly comfortable sort of woven chair borne by porters). Their trip was full of discomforts, and there were several minor accidents; but Africa, like most other parts of the globe, is rapidly becoming "civilized" at least to the extent of being almost everywhere passable, if the traveler is sufficiently determined.

The illustrations in the book are stills from the movies made on the way. Some of the photographs are quite interesting, especially those showing the Mangbetus and their dwellings. With commendable restraint the author and her companion have allowed themselves to appear in only three of the thirty-odd illustrations—a relief when one remembers Mrs. Martin Johnson and "Safari." In addition to the photographs there are two fairly good maps.

The tribes whom the author and her companions were most eager to see were the Mangbetus and the pygmies. The Mangbetus are supposed to be the native of the Congo with the most highly developed culture. They live in the idyllic state of freedom from material cares, which more sophisticated races always seem to envy, but never to emulate. The author visited several of their villages and had the opportunity of observing closely at least the outward aspects of their lives. Interesting also are her accounts of the pygmies, that almost mythical race of little men supposed to be the aborigines of Africa.

Quite different but also interesting is the portion of the book which tells about the training school where the savage African elephants, formerly considered untamable, are now trained to work by means of a process which in-

cludes helpers who even croon lullabies each night to soothe the baby elephants.

"Then I Saw the Congo" is not in the first rank of books of travel. However, it seems to be authentic, and it is decidedly readable. A further recommendation is that the author has kept herself out of the foreground of much of the book—a virtue not practiced by many writers of travel books.

## PIRACY AND BLACK-BIRDING

THE HAPPY PARROT. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A LIVELY tale of piracy and the slave-trade, murder and sudden death in the opening years of the nineteenth century, Robert W. Chambers's new book opens with a description of that great rift between the Constitution and the Guerrière, after which the victorious Captain Hull merely refused to deprive his defeated adversary of his sword, but in the words of the old song, bade him: "Come, cheer up, let us take a little brandy, O!" The story opens peacefully enough, on a bench on the Battery "under the double row of basswood trees," at the time when "Mr. Jefferson and a cowardly Congress forbade our ships to stir outside our own ports lest the English or French seize them and, presently, drive us into war. This was called an embargo." Among the many for whom the embargo meant ruin and possible starvation was young Eric Strake, who had been mate of a tall ship in the China trade, but who, when he first met charming, willful, high-spirited Cintra Quinn, was trying to earn a shilling or two by rowing people over to Staten Island, whence they could view the two British frigates lying off Sandy Hook. Cintra rescued the good-looking man from threatening starvation, and her uncle, Captain Quinn, presently, and for excellent if somewhat peculiar reasons, offered him the command of a top-sail schooner, "The Happy Parrot." She was a black-birding engaged in the slave trade, recently prohibited by Congress, an outlaw ship, who must either fight or run, not only from the pirates, then busily engaged in preying on vessels of her kind, but also from revenue boats and men-of-war of every nation, her own included. Yet, as all the most important and highly respectable people in the country were slave owners, it seemed to Strake mere hypocrisy to forbid the importation of blacks. Moreover, it was either accept Quinn's offer or go hungry, and he had found going hungry exceedingly unpleasant. So he accepted the proffered berth;

but he was entirely unprepared for the part Cintra Quinn was to play in the business.

The novel describes clearly and effectively Strake's experiences on the slaver, where there was far less cruelty than one usually hears of in connection with that business, since it was Captain Quinn's belief that: "Cruelty doesn't pay; it beggars us. \* \* \* Kindness, good food and plenty of it \* \* \* makes healthy cargo; and a healthy cargo makes money." From New York and the high seas the scene moves first to the station on Amelia Island and the Cat-and-Kittens Tavern on the borderline between the United States and Florida, then to Africa and back again. Two extremely disagreeable pirates, Buki Gooly and Captain Nanfan, the latter being possessed of a peculiarly diabolical sense of humor, had declared war on the firm of Quinn & Maltby, as well as on Strake, whose encounters with them provide the book with some very energetic fighting. There is a love story, of course, but the most interesting part of the book is its historical side. There is a certain ironic resemblance to modern customs and ways of thought which is decidedly entertaining, a resemblance which extends from Cintra's close-clipped curls and very scanty clothing to Strake's lament for the great men of yesterday: "Where were the old seadogs of the Revolution \* \* \* ? Were they all dead, then, like His mighty Excellency at Mount Vernon, leaving the Presidency to timid demagogues who abased themselves and their high office to curry favor with the rag-tag and sans-culottes and swap their silver buckles for shoestrings?" The climax of the tale comes after Strake, disgusted with the meanness and treachery of his companions, has renounced black-birding, and, war being at last declared, joined Captain Hull as a volunteer aboard the Constitution, where he takes part in the famous conflict, helping to capture "a noble British ship, commanded by a noble-minded gentleman." An often thrilling and always entertaining romance of one of the comparatively neglected phases and periods of American history, "The Happy Parrot" is an interesting if often decidedly sanguinary tale of brave men and gallant vessels.

## Colored Church Praised in New Book

RELIGION LENDS A HAND, by James Myers, Harper and Brothers.

A colored church has been chosen as the example of outstanding social service work among all the churches of the country, white or colored, by James Myers, Industrial Secretary for the Commission of the Church and Social Service of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

In his new book, "Religion Lends a Hand," published by Harper's, Mr. Myers devotes an entire chapter to the work of St. Philip's Episcopal Church, of New York, of which the Rev. Dr. Hutchens C. Bishop is the rector. Mr. Myers says:

"With its staff of trained workers its splendid equipment, its comprehensive program, St. Philip's ranks among the leading churches for colored people in the United States. And perhaps no church, white or colored, presents a more balanced program of work and worship."

The author has special praise for Miss Mabel Bickford, the social service worker.

Mr. Myers writes:

"The poor and unemployed, the sick, the aged, delinquent boys and girls, mothers or fathers left with broken homes, all come to the church for help or are discovered by the pastoral visitor and reported in for counsel, assistance or relief."

And special training in social work are needed to handle these cases. "St. Philip's has in Miss Mabel Bickford an expert social worker. In fact, Professor Case of teacher's college has said that Miss Bickford is doing the finest piece of case work in family welfare that is being done in connection with any church in New York. Miss Bickford never asks whether applicants are church members or not. All are served on the basis of their need."

## PRESENTS NEW SCIENTIFIC THEORIES IN BOOK

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 23 (ANP)—Lucien V. Alexis, Harvard '18, formerly an army officer in the A. B. C. and at present principal of McDonough No. 35 High and Normal School here, has just presented to the scientific world a book entitled "Fundamentals in Physics and in Chemistry."

In this book the author, after five years of exhaustive study, offers a new conception of the physical universe, a new interpretation of natural phenomena. He presents a new concept of an other space. The concept discloses the interaction between light and subatomic matter. It discloses a new and clear-cut model of the atom, which accounts for all properties of matter. It discloses that the space of motion is finite in extent, and asserts that all known phenomena of physics and of chemistry arise in consequence of a few postulates.

LOUISIANA NEGROES  
RED BEAN ROW. By R. Emmet Kennedy. 297 pp. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50.  
MOST alone of the numerous novelists of negro life, R. Emmet Kennedy has forsaken

the garish background of Harlem and the distorted life of the jazz belt. "Red Bean Row" is almost primitive in its simplicity and unsophistication. The folk in the negro quarter of a small Louisiana town are isolated from the intrusive influences of white civilization.

They live elementary, careless, yet shrewdly practical lives. One suspects, in fact, that for the purposes of fiction Mr. Kennedy's characters have been a bit oversimplified—that no such people as this happy and simple folk who populate the pages of "Red Bean Row" actually exist. But, in spite of the suspicion, it is impossible not to delight in them, to sympathize with their moods and vagaries, to smile at their unwittingly comic solutions to the problems of life. "Red Bean Row" is a smooth and entertaining tale, into whose veracity it is unprofitable to inquire.

Mr. Kennedy has collected a gallery of picturesque and colorful characters—huge, kindly Gramma Veenia, the ancient presiding genius of Red Bean Row; the stupid, garrulous Cora; Gisteen, a shrewd, lively little busybody, and Elder Dennis, the spiritual shepherd of the flock, who pays solicitous calls among the women of his parish and distributes umbrellas wherever his blandishments are kindly received. These characters are all united in the bonds of juicy scandal. Red Bean Row is agog on the night that the most eligible bachelor of the quarter is scheduled to bring home his bride. Nebo has tacitly insulted the maidens of the neighborhood by importing a girl from the country—a "high-yeller," moreover, with a reputation for haughtiness and a predilection for white folks' ways. Lucy proves to be all that rumor had reported. She is much younger than the steady, simple-hearted Nebo, and shows no disposition to receive the denizens of the Row as her equal. Gramma Veenia foresees trouble. From the vantage point of her rocking chair on the front "gallery" she snells snap-beans for supper and awaits developments.

Trouble speedily manifests itself in the person of the young insurance collector who appears every Tuesday morning to collect the 25 cents due on Nebo's policy. The Row speculates a good deal on the protracted conferences between Lucy and the collector, but it is too occupied with the more conspicuous gallantries of Elder Dennis to anticipate the actual nature of the trouble. Nebo comes home from work unexpectedly one Tuesday morning, but Lucy cleverly outwits him. Then one night he is summoned from his house and falls to throughout that the reader is quite return. His neighbors are too disunprepared for the real tragedy trustful of the machinery of the which ensues. The conclusion has white man's law to appeal for help, a separate and inharmonious air, and weeks pass without news of as if it had been introduced with him. The whole chain of events is out other excuse than the solution brought sharply to a head when of the mechanical difficulties of the Gramma Veenia, collecting fire-plot. Nevertheless, this final make-wood by the river, discovers Nebo's shift is not grave enough to destroy disfigured body on the shore. the colorful and amusingly anecdotal quality of the book.







# Grandeur in a Black Seafarer's Odyssey

**THE PEDRO GORINO.** The Adventures of a Negro Sea Captain in Africa and on the Seven Seas in His Attempts to Found an Ethiopian Empire. An Autobiographical Narrative. By Captain Harry Dean. Written with the Assistance of Sterling North. 262 pp. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

CAPTAIN HARRY DEAN describes himself as a "sea tramp, a fellow that cries at the sight of land." He is of African descent, from a line of black kings, and he resents the word "negro" as an inaccuracy and uses it always between quotation marks. He is about three-score years of age; is a master mariner, and it was his dream either to found an Ethiopian empire, as stated on the title page, or, as one gathers from the pages, to restore the African black kingdom of Basutoland to something of its former dignity and power. Clearly, he was mistrusted and feared by the English, who finally ran him out of Africa. But the tale of his adventures is a glamorous yarn, well told, and held strictly within the bounds of probability. The publishers vouch for the truth of the narrative.

Captain Dean, although born in this country, came of Afro-Americans who were not of slave stock. His father was a sea captain, the grandson of an African prince who had fled to Madeira with the Scotch pirate, McKinnon Paige. With the latter, who had changed his name to Slocum, the boy, his own name changed from Said Kafu to Sam Cuffee, came to Salem in 1740. The independence of mind and dignity of bearing, which Dean inherited, are, of course, the forces behind the

narrative of "The Pedro Gorino"; the forces which set the adventurer off from those of his own color and make his story a remarkable one.

At the age of 15 Harry Dean had circumnavigated the globe in a trading voyage which had lasted three years. The vessel was a bark, The Traveler, owned and sailed by the boy's uncle. The ship touched at all the various trading ports of the Far East, but these interested the young apprentice seaman only slightly. It was when they reached Africa and anchored off Harper in Liberia, the "one bit of land in all Africa held by its rightful heirs," that the boy became truly aroused. Young as he was, so he tells us, he began dreaming of an Ethiopian empire. Years later, when on a wagon-trek in East Africa Captain Dean's dream became more tangible.

As we were traveling less than thirty miles a day [he writes], I had plenty of time for thought. In three days of dreaming I rebuilt the Ethiopian Empire. In three days of dreaming I recaptured Africa for the Africans. Once more Mashonaland was Ophir and the gleaming black bodies brought gold from the mines. The ruins of Zimbabwe were no longer ruins, but stately masonry. The sons of the ancient race who raised those piles of stone to forgotten gods once more were proud possessors of all they survey. And those dark descendants of the Phoenicians, still worshipping the crane and the ram, reattained the genius of their ancestors, sailing their ships to every country, bearing the wealth of Africa. . . . In three days of dreaming I dammed the rivers to water the karoo. I built cities in trackless thickets, and from the forests of Africa con-

structed such a fleet of graceful ships as the world has never seen.

How much of this dreaming did Captain Dean bring to reality? Not much, it must be acknowledged. Indeed, unless those houses and schools in Basuto land, on the concession to Dean from the Queen of the country, were ever finished, nothing of the dream ever came to reality. There was a final scene in a counting house in Cape Town when the machinations of those who wished to get the idealistic black out of Africa came to their fruition; and the narrative reaches its melancholy end.

Dean does not pretend that there would have been nothing for himself in this enterprise; but any wealth he acquired would have come to him properly, as the logical result of the position of power he would hold in the community; he was not starting out primarily to enrich himself and proposing culture for the natives as a ruse to gain his ends.

There is a vast difference here; and one can only conclude from a perusal of "The Pedro Gorino" that this black was more disinterested, more upright in his thinking than many of the whites who were exploiting the land. But even making this concession, it remains clear that the hands of time may not be turned backward; the Redmen of North America, the Incas of Peru, the Kaffirs of Africa, however one may lament the harshness, the brutalities, the chicaneries practiced upon them, were doomed to give way before the march of the whites. In the familiar phrase, Captain Dean never had a Chinaman's chance. And in this lies the pathos and the grandeur of the book.

lion colored people "by white American landlords and capitalists" to be, "at bottom, an economic phenomenon." The author's economic convictions being what they are, it is inevitable that he should come to the conclusion with which the book closes.

Emancipation for the American negro [he says], as for any other subject race under the capitalist imperialist system, can come only when the negro working masses have joined the white working masses in smashing the economic and social structure built upon individual and race exploitation, and by replacing it with a co-operative economic system under working-class control.

To prove his assumptions and his arguments, Mr. Nearing has brought together an immense amount of material, collecting and classifying statistics, facts, statements, descriptions and carefully choosing such as fit in with his purpose and ignoring all others. There is enough manifest truth, ugly and shameful, in it to make it a black discredit to any nation, but how much of this is the economic phenomenon which the author believes it all to be and how much has had its source in deeply rooted peculiarities of human nature is so debatable as to make the reader wonder why Mr. Nearing so completely ignored so evident a question.

## "WHITE" NEGROES

**PLUM BUN.** By Jessie Redmon Fauset. 379 pp. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$2.50.

COMING as this novel does on the heels of more sensational studies of negro life, it seems likely that it will not receive all the attention it deserves. For "Plum Bun" is not in the least sensational. It deals with that impulse of the less favored races, now more generally recognized than formerly, to cross the color line—to obtain by some means the privileges and freedom of movement which the Northern European races ordinarily reserve for themselves. But Jessie Redmon Fauset makes no effort to explain one race to another, to plead or extenuate. "Plum Bun" is told from the inside looking out, with a simple fidelity to character which has nothing to do with race or creed or color. "Life," Angela Murray's mother told her, "is more important than color." And so it has seemed to Jessie Redmon Fauset. Her people are individuals

first and members of an oppressed race afterward. Although Angela Murray was a nomenon." The author's economic "white negro," it was no especial convictions being what they are, it desire to deny or repudiate her race which led her to cross the color line. People constantly assumed that she was white, and when they found out that she was colored they made it very unpleasant for her; they felt cheated and withdrew their favor, accusing her of deceit. As a promising art student, the good will of her teachers and fellow-students was of decided importance to Angela, economically as well as socially. The change was easy, except that it forced her to abandon rather ruthlessly her darker sister, Virginia. This one action made all the rest seem ignoble.

Angela was not lonely in her new environment; she gloried in the sense of adventure and freedom that it gave her. She made friends easily and had two or three sporadic love affairs with white men. Only one man, Anthony Cross, made any deep impression on her. Anthony, in spite of his evident love for Angela, was strangely repressed and refused to declare himself. The crisis of Angela's experiment, however, arose out of the matter of certain coveted scholarships. One of them was awarded to her and one to a negro girl in her class at the art school. Fearful of public opinion the committee of awards withdrew the scholarship belonging to the negress, and Angela, goaded to fury by the contemptible dog-in-the-manger attitude of all her friends, declared herself colored and declined her own prize.

"Plum Bun" is very justly subtitled "A Novel Without a Moral." Even if there had been a moral it could hardly have survived the highly coincidental character of the story's solution. It developed that Anthony Cross's reticence had been due entirely to his own ambiguous racial status; he, too, was a negro "passing" as white. By her sudden sacrifice of her own interests out of racial pride, Angela not only regained her sister's devotion but found Anthony's love.

## NEGRO FOLKTALES

**THE CONJURE WOMAN.** By Charles W. Chesnutt. Foreword by J. E. Spingarn. 229 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

IN Carl Van Vechten's "Nigger Heaven" there are rapturous sentences in praise of Charles W. Chesnutt, who, in the words of

# Scott Nearing on the Negro Problem

**BLACK AMERICA.** By Scott Nearing. Illustrated. 275 pp. New York: The Vanguard Press. \$3.

THE exceedingly well-known views of Scott Nearing on economic subjects make it easy to forecast what his viewpoint and general treatment will be in a discussion of the negro in America. Moreover, one cannot read more than the first page or two without knowing what to expect throughout the book. For he is as utterly

frank about what he intends to say as he is absolutely convinced of its entire truth and rightness. "Black America," he explains in his introduction, deals with the American negro "not as a 'social problem' but as an oppressed race." It is based on the assumption, he continues, that "no matter how industrious and law abiding the masses of negroes may be, and no matter how talented may be the negro leaders, the white exploiters

of the United States will keep the negroes in subjection as long as the negroes are willing to stay there." Mr. Nearing's viewpoint is indicated by his statement on the first page that "The American empire, in addition to its subject races in the Philippines and in the Caribbean, has within its own national boundaries a subject race of more than twelve million American negroes." He considers "the subjugation and exploitation" of these twelve mil-



J. E. Spingarn, "was the first negro der, and all help Uncle Julius to novelist, and \* \* \* still the best." put across his machinations.

Here, in "The Conjure Woman," we have nothing to do with his novels, but we have a new edition of some negro folklore set down by Mr. Chesnutt some twenty-five years ago. They have been more than pretty well forgotten, so they come with the shock of novelty. They have qualities of fear and wonder and whimsy, and deserve the immortality that is Uncle Remus's. "The Conjure Woman" might very well be read in parallel with Roark Bradford's "Old Man Adam and His Chillun" or E. C. L. Adams's "Nigger to Nigger," for its tales are redolent of the childhood of a race that is on the march to achieve a civilization and culture of its own in the United States.

The tales of "The Conjure Woman" have their raison d'être in Uncle Julius's desire to get along in life. The machinery which Mr. Chesnutt has devised to get them told is a trifle too much the same in each separate case, but one can take them out of their setting with little effort of the imagination. Almost invariably Uncle Julius, a primitive Machiavelli, has something to gain by regaling his master and mistress with an account of conjuring and "goophering." It is long since "slavery time," but Uncle Julius considers himself a part of the land which Mr. Chesnutt's white characters, a man and wife who move to North Carolina to raise grapes and enjoy a healthy climate, have purchased. Old Julius doesn't want them to buy the vineyard at first, for he had made a living by selling wine made from the luscious scuppernong that grows in wild luxuriance on the abandoned terrain. He tells them a story of how Aun' Peggy, a pre-Civil War conjure woman, put a goopher on the scuppernongs, so that any one who ate of the fruit of the vine was bound to die. The tale is one of high improbability, just as much of the Odyssey is of high improbability. But through its crevices and cracks there filter the fears and codes of the vanished era of slavery, and the fears of the forest which the negro brought from Africa.

The other tales, of Mars Jeems's nightmare, of how Brer Primus was changed into a mule, of the use of the "lef' hin'-foot er a grabe'ya'd rabbit, killt by a cross-eyed nigger on a da'k night in de full er de moon" as a good luck charm, of how Dan was goophered into the form of a gray wolf, all have their aspects of awe and won-

## Voodooism Still Practiced in New Orleans

### Writer Describes Strange Rites in Interesting Book

FABULOUS NEW ORLEANS, By Lyle Saxon. Published by the Century company, New York city. Price \$5.

HAVE you ever attended a Voodoo party? If not (and most people have not) you will be tremendously interested in Lyle Saxon's account of a meeting he attended in April, 1928, in the ancient and colorful city of New Orleans. Guided by his Negro friend, Robert, he wended his way through mysterious courts and alleys until the house of mystery was reached. Past guards, and through softly closing doors, and then into the chamber of chambers. Negroes are huddled in the shadows, almost invisible in the light of the one candle. Mama Phemie, the high priestess, sits by the fire place, a clean table cloth spread before her, upon which are plates of meat and bread, oranges and bananas. Three black unlighted candles, a ladle and several spoons complete the layout.

The author's clothes are removed, and garbed only in an old dressing gown he is seated opposite Mama Phemie. Now the three candles are lit and the room is lighter. The savage rites begin. Money is passed. Black wax is produced and moulded by the priestess into the form of the author's supposed enemy. His arm is pierced for blood to mix with the wax. The effigy is placed near the fire and begins to melt. The singing and tom-tom beating begins . . . but you can read every bit of it in the book!

#### ABOUT ZULU KING

But this isn't all Mr. Saxon tells you about New Orleans. No indeed! He portrays at great length the Mardi Gras he saw as a boy 25 years ago. He pictures the Negro Mardi Gras in another part of town where the Zulu king presides. Then he goes way back to the dim past of three centuries ago and describes swiftly yet pointedly and effectively the foundation and growth of this, the most unique city in the United States. There is much of interest to the general reader and there is a great deal that will hold the Negro reader, for Saxon devotes considerable time discussing the part played by the dark brethren in the history and life of the metropolis of Louisiana. There was Basil Croquere, a handsome Negro freedman, who was one of the best fencing masters in old New Orleans and taught fashionable young men the art of the sword. Then there were the Quar-roon balls held in an old building

back of St. Louis cathedral which only wealthy white men could attend in the gay days before the Civil war. And then there is the stirring account of Marie Laveau, Voodoo queen, who terrorized the city not so long ago, the great plagues, the floods, the French opera, the duels, and, oh, just any number of quaint and queer things.

Those who have never been fortunate enough to visit New Orleans

### A Noted Traveler in Africa

#### Ossendowski Visits the Dark Continent

"SLAVES OF THE SUN," by Ferdinand Ossendowski. Published by E. P. Dutton & Company, New York. Price \$3.75.

About every week there are two or three books published about Africa. Some of the are filled with nonsense and some with good sense. This book, like all that Ossendowski writes, is a combination of the two. He will be remembered as the author of that best seller, "Beasts, Men and Gods."—There is something of the Hearst type of journalism in Ossendowski's work, and he fails to grasp the soul of Africa's vast past and picture it as it is. It has a style that is at once arresting and concise. In only 475 pages he paints a Negrophobic picture of this section of Africa, from which the forebears of the American Negro came. If you want a glimpse of West Africa through the eyes of a white man who has not divested himself of the Caucasian prejudices, but is yet a famous writer and accurate observer, his book is recommended to you.

### Caricature Book of Authors Includes Two Negroes

NEW YORK—On parade, a book of caricatures by Eva Herrman, edited by Erich Posselt, with original contributions specially written by or drawn from the works of noted living American authors, includes two studies of Negroes. Among the celebrities caricatured by the talented young artist, are Sherwood Anderson, H. L. Mencken, Carl Sandburg, Sinclair Lewis, Fannie Hurst, Theodore Dreiser, Waldo Frank, Heywood Brown, Van Wyck Brooks,

Eugene O'Neill, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and Paul Rosenfield.

The two colored authors included among those caricatured and quoted from are Countee Cullen and James Weldon Johnson.

### An Epic of Cotton

EARTH BORN. By Howard Snyder. New York. The Century Company. \$2.00.

By NEWBELL NILES PUCKETT.

"Lord! how you chilluns does plague me since Rachel is gone! . . . Lord! How kin a man do wid-out a 'oman!" So black Parson Robinson, six feet two and strong as an oak tree, grieved that his daughter, Lizzie, could not fill the place of his spouse one month deceased. Owner of land ever of hands, the parson dominated his women folk as he dominated his store and his Magdalene pulpit. When a thorough lashing failed to touch Lizzie's devotion for her shuffal suitor, Andy, Aune Lane was employed to "worry her down" by hard work and denials and "humble her into 'bedience.'" Similar methods bore down upon yellow-skinned Malindy, "ma sly one" as she was called up her skin wid powder an' paint, when, regardless of her engagement to the infatuated parson, she persisted in her love for Big Jim Mississippi, husband of Savanna and father of 29 children. Strange barbaric superstitions, "spellin' beads," a wife murdered when a "red burning moon was full," figure in this elemental clash between a strong man's will and the passions of woman. The contest flames hotly through a series of fights with fists, knives, clubs, and pitchforks to sudden but thrilling Lochinvar conclusion.

Devotees of the ego in child-training will uncover rank, harsh heresy among these plantation folk. Poor people were forced to give their children away. Mothers were accustomed to lick their gals "ever' mornin' to humble 'em for the day." Little Cal'ine was troublesome, and Aunt Jane's placid assertion, "I fed her good dis mornin' an' locked her up in de cabin," brought instant approval from old Lucy. "Sho, gal-chilluns got no business out a dey like dis. no-how."

Perhaps old Uncle Albert "ought to be thinkin' 'bout de grave 'stead o' funnin' wid de gals," but with the Mississippi plantation folk it is only a step from sinful love to rich religious fervor. The doings of the Fallin'-out Baptists, weddings at Marchin'-to-Zion church, and ordinations at Magdalene are not too harshly incompatible with cakewalks, "fire balls," and still nights in the plum thickets. Bad luck is ever in the offing; in streams of milk crossed before they get to the dusky milkmaids' pails; in black pins worn in the clothing. Such naiveties as praying buzzards and hant-ridden mules are on the friendliest of terms with half-pagan concepts of a Diety revealing His will through burning snuff or through troubled sisters 'studyin' da'rselves" into semitrances. In this forceful and thoroughly fascinating account Mr.

Snyder reveals the mature understanding of one who has lived and worked much with the backward Mississippi plantation negro. So closely in his narrative entwined with the planting, growing and picking of the staple, plantation crop that it becomes in truth a brutal but essentially accurate and strikingly vivid Epic of Cotton.



# A Story Told on Tiptoe of a Public Colossus

## THE FOURTH MUSKETEER.

The Life of Alexander Dumas. By T. Lucas-Dubreton, translated by Malda Castellhun. New York. Coward-McCann. \$3.

By KATE TRIMBLE SHARBER

On the same principle that you can't see the forest for the trees, you can't see the life of Dumas for his deeds; so it is in this biography. "An Three Musketeers," the title would still have a glorified dimly enough the teeming force, with which he deals. The plethora of incident demands a second journey through the forest, so to speak, in order to have a trail to the back of his "perpetual exhibition."

Dumas did not awake one morning to find himself famous; he sat up all night industriously, and his mass production together with his super-salesmanship and inexhaustible ability to advertise, make us feel that at heart he was 100 percent American. He would have been our national idol, too, if he had been ours at all; his perennial youth, his dauntlessness, his good sportsmanship and general loveliness would have made him a sort of literary Lindbergh. Pity that he had to be born in France, more than a century ago! Neither the horsepower of his muse nor the tonnage of his output belonged there then. There's even an American tinge to this biography of him, and he would love it dearly if he were alive today. It has all the verve of a radio announcer broadcasting a football game when the winner is his alma mater. It is story-telling on tiptoe.

In spite of the negro blood mixed with that of French nobility, there was no conflict in Alexander Dumas; no two selves inside him rubbing blisters on his subconscious. He lived up to his father's military traditions of exploits and indiscretions as much as his own times required, and he was a devoted son to his mother who lived to see him reach the foothills of fame. He must have had strong family affections, for his first act upon leaving his mother's home while he was still almost a boy was to start housekeeping with Catherine Lebay in Paris. This union resulted in the birth of Dumas Fils, who resented his illegitimacy but loved both parents.

The "prodigal father," as the younger termed the elder, separated from Catherine, but kept his son with him through dozens of love-affairs, which must have given kaleidoscopic color to their bachelor establishment. Still, Alexander Dumas could not be termed a great lover in the sense that Goethe and Byron and George Sand were great lovers. He was more like a great landlord, his heart a caravansary whose tenants were given lavish entertainment for a brief space; the symbol of his glamorous aspect a moving van. "His

negro blood caused him to find a peculiar attraction in polygamy," we read, but to pay the funeral expenses of his old sweetheart, Marie Dorval, once the toast of Paris, he pawned his last and most beautiful decoration, the Order of Nicham. He showed a torrential generosity to friends and parasites, and this of course meant huge debts. So pestered was he once by creditors that when he was asked for a donation to help bury the bailiff he doubled the sum asked for and said:

"Here, bury two!" Young Dumas gradually withdrew from the too-gay circle of his father and on the first night of La Dame aux Camillias refused a supper celebration to dine quietly with his mother "Perhaps you are right," sighed Dumas Pere, who seemed to have a vague respect for constancy, although when he tried to practice it by marrying the actress, Ida Ferrier, he ruined a relationship of eight years standing. His tenderness in handling women, however, is proved by the fact that Victor Hugo sent him to Madame Hugo to break the news that her husband had eloped with Juliette Drouot.

So much for the man in his family life and among his friends. That he was a colossus to the public is attested by both the love and the jealousy he evoked. He was almost adored by the masses he was universally voted a good fellow by his peers; he was hated and snapped at by the pigmies. Pamphlets were circulated against the Dumas "Fiction Factory," but we have Hugo's word that Dumas held the political world in one hand the literary world in the other. In the realm of politics he was so sincere a republican as to retain the humble name of Dumas rather than the family title; at the same time the literary imagination and dramatic instinct caused him to "weep for a Bourbon in the arms of a Bonaparte," while the love of splendid adventure induced him to use a battleship as a pleasure yacht, to receive and return salutes of royal formality in ports, to represent France at the marriage of the Duke of Montpensier with the Infanta of Spain—and then to challenge the Chamber of Deputies when they grumbled about dignity and expense. Yet the public idolized Alexander, just as the public today would still idolize socialistic Mr. Shaw even if he should board a British dreadnaught, enjoy a house-party with Alfonso XIII, report a personal inspection of Young India, then offer to fight duels with any M. P.'s who fussed.

In spite of the megalomania showing through at times—in the motto for his one-man magazine, for example: "God dictates, we write"—a great lover in the sense that Dumas had few illusions about his literary worth. He said "I give form to Lamartine's dreams and I clearness to Hugo's thoughts. I am a popularizer." He felt that he gave lavish entertainment for a lacked taste, that "white cravat to his style," and he knew that in his laborations it was he who could

transform the commonplace into the charming. Still, he rather resented emphasis upon collaboration. It's so simple to believe that Monte Cristo is by me that no one has had that idea." Probably Homer wouldn't be any too pleased if he could hear Mr. Erskine refer to "those poets. Homer."

## VIRGINIAN-PILOT NORFOLK, VA.

JAN 20 1929

Roark Bradford, author of short stories on Negro life, and this year's winner of the O. Henry memorial award for the best short story, will be heard during the program by the Utica Jubilee Singers, which will be broadcast through the NBC system tonight at 9:15 o'clock.

## His Book Chosen



W. B. SEABROOK

Whose book, "The Magic Island," has been selected by the Literary Guild of America as its choice for the month of January. He is the first white man to ever participate in the blood rites of Haiti. He lives at 8 W. 13th street, New York City. Seabrook's book deals with his adventures with the death cults in Haiti.

## CHATS About BOOKS

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

### AN INDISPENSABLE BOOK

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE NEGRO IN AFRICA AND AMERICA compiled by Monroe N. Work. Published by The H. W. Wilson Company, New York. \$15.

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It is a great credit to the race that a Negro born of slave parentage in North Carolina should have conceived a work of such scope and carried it through to completion after twenty years of work.

THE WHITE GIRL. By Vera Caspary. New York: J. H. Sears & Co. \$2.

AMONG the problems confronting these United States there is none more difficult than that of the color line. And it is one which is not growing less perplexing with the advance of time. It is easy to construct theories as to the relations which should exist between the two races; it is very far from easy to deal with a concrete case, such as Vera Caspary sets before us in her very interesting and apparently authentic novel, "The White Girl."

The author herself offers no solution; neither does she beg the question by making her heroine, Solaria, a heroine or a villainess. Solaria is a normal girl, better looking and more attractive than the majority, not particularly intellectual, and with a liking for pretty clothes and agreeable surroundings. She has no altruistic ambitions for her race, or even for her own family, but only desires to make her own life as pleasant as possible, to get for herself the things she wants. "She did not care what happened to other colored girls. She did not like negroes. She considered them a shiftless people who deserved their lot." Her own negro blood she resented "as one might hate a deformity, because it stamped her an inferior." Outwardly she showed no signs of it; at least, not to Caucasian eyes, for her skin was white, her black hair fine and soft, and she looked like "a Spanish aristocrat." Presently she came to New York, where she "passed," as some 20,000 colored people are said to be "passing" now. And though she was afraid of every negro she saw, knowing she could not deceive any of her own race, she managed very well indeed until she fell in love with a white man—and he with her. From the first she had despised her negro suitors. "I'm not going to marry any black man!" she told the musician, Eggers Benedict; and the rich banker's son, Toby Linthicum, fared no better at her hands. Yet she was no schemer, and her feeling for David was entirely sincere.

When we meet her first she is frankly a colored girl, living in Chicago with her negro parents, and working in the stock room of a wholesale dressmaking establishment. It is not until after the death of her father, "a gentleman



who did janitor work," that she comes to New York, where she becomes a "white girl" and presently obtains a well-paid position as a photographer's model. Outwardly her life is that of other good-looking working girls. She makes a few friends, and presently goes to live with two other models in a tiny apartment. At times she is almost able to forget that she is not what she seems to be, but always in the back of her mind is the fear of discovery, a fear that at times becomes acute. For she does not succeed in deceiving every one; some there are who find her out, and once at least she is subjected to blackmail. Her difficulties increase as the book draws to a close, until at last there is but one way out for her; the tragic way she takes.

The picture of Solaria's life in New York is very well done. The places she lives in are clearly shown, the people she meets excellently individualized, while the situations in which she finds herself are often dramatic. She is no flawless heroine. Capable of generosity, she is also capable of such meanness as she shows in her betrayal of Rita, such deceit as she plans to practice on David. Yet she wins and holds the reader's sympathy. Tense, but never hysterical, the novel is especially notable for its balance, its sanity, the lack of sensationalism with which it handles a difficult theme. The author seems to know her subject, and the existence she portrays, extremely well, so that, in reading the book, one feels that it all really happened as it is here set down. You may doubt whether people like the Lannons would have accepted Solaria quite so unquestioningly, but this is a minor defect in an exceptionally interesting and thoughtful story.

#### SEABROOK'S NEW BOOK.

William B. Seabrook, soldier and adventure, and a former Atlanta newspaper man, has written a book that is attracting a great deal of attention from critics all over the country. Under the title, "The Magic Island," he describes the mystic "voodoo rites" of the Haitian negroes, among whom he lived for nearly two years, gathering material for the story. He is said to be the only white man initiated into the blood rites and religious mysteries of the "black magic."

He makes the definite statement that a man can die from terror induced by suggestion, and that "this is the reason why the stuff we know

as 'black magic' has the power to cause death without the aid of physical agencies." Continuing he says:

"The blacks of Haiti, like their ancestors in Africa, believe implicitly in the power of black magic and sorcery. They've seen it work so often they know it can't fail.

"Suppose a sorcerer decides to put a death curse on a man in a distant village. He makes a little doll, consecrates it before the tribal altar and baptizes it with the name of the man he has cursed. Then he winds string around the doll, repeating with many incantations that the string is the flesh and blood of the man.

"After that word is sent to the man that he is under a death curse and that every day a little of the string—his flesh and blood—will be unwound. The man begins to feel worse immediately. He worries about it, loses weight, lies awake at night and finally dies, killed by terror; or killed by black magic which is the same thing.

"Now let us suppose that the man who is cursed is an enlightened individual who does not believe in black magic. He thumbs his nose at the sorcerers and tells everybody that black magic doesn't amount to anything and won't have the slightest effect on him. The sorcerer merely poisons him and the rest of the blacks, seeing him die, are more impressed than ever by the magic."

This is a startling statement and gives us a new insight into the Haitian blacks with whom this country has had a great deal of dealings.

Mr. Seabrook began his newspaper career in Augusta, but subsequently lived in Atlanta several years. He married an Atlanta girl, Miss Edmundson, daughter of John L. Edmundson. The author of this gripping new book has written several stories of adventure.

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### COTTON PATCH NEGROES

**THIS SIDE OF JORDAN.** By Roark Bradford. 255 pp. New York: Harper & Bros. \$2.50.

**THIS SIDE OF JORDAN** is a strong and unflinching novel of life among the negroes of Louisiana by bayou and cotton patch, and Roark Bradford is a writer of some very positive and admirable virtues. Nevertheless, his book is something of a disappointment. It comes too late in a sequence of stories about Negro life, and, whether derivative or not, it must of necessity give the reader who has followed the sequence the effect of derivative work.

The group life of the negro in the South, for example, was richly and beautifully spread before us by Julia Peterkin in "Black April." She set the mark for the arrows of her successors. Clearly it was up to other writers using similar material to exceed her accomplishment by doing a richer, more voluminous, or more capably distilled, book of negro life in general, or to take her work as a point of departure and develop individual cases. She herself has followed the latter course with a static sort of success in "Scarlet Sister Mary." Of course Mrs. Peterkin, in "Black April," was interested in the group life of the Carolina Gullahs, and Mr. Bradford is interested in Louisiana negroes. That, no doubt, justifies "This Side of Jordan," but Mr. Bradford has not been specific enough in a field where Mrs. Peterkin has already pre-empted the generalities.

It is true that Mr. Bradford goes a step beyond Mrs. Peterkin in refusing to compromise or retreat before the unpleasant. That might be called an advance. But his interest seems even more largely sociologi-

cal than was Mrs. Peterkin's in "Black April"; he seems largely the spectator interested in man, and not so much in individual men. The matter comes down to this: Should the novelist be interested primarily in the life of a race, or

a group, or types, or should he be interested in the individual? Mr. Bradford might answer that the cotton patch negro is primitive, and hence exists only in types. One recalls here the story about Flaubert and de Maupassant and the general and the individual horse. Or perhaps Mr. Bradford tried sincerely to portray more than types in Didge, in Aunt Crip, in Daddy Jack and in Young Jack. If so, he must be accounted a partial failure, for Daddy Jack seems but a misty replica of Mrs. Peterkin's Homeric plantation foreman, Black April, and the others do not stand out as do DuBose Heyward's Mamba or Hagar or Porgy, or Claude McKay's Jake Brown or Ray of "Home to Harlem," or even the defeated young writer in Van Vechten's "Nigger Heaven."

However, let us take "This Side of Jordan" for what it is—a generalized picture. It is written in graphic, quick-running prose, and its conversation seems, as H. L. Mencken would say, verifiably "niggerish." It imprisons within its pages "the change in the times," symbolized by the new gravel road that runs by the negro settlement near the Bayou Rouge. Mr. Bradford has picked his types so that all sides of the life may be represented. Their points of view often conflict, and the life of the community is portrayed through their various effects on one another. At the close the Mississippi rises in the famous flood of two years back, thus terminating the life of the community. Mr. Bradford indicates that Didge and Young Jack, who are married, will attempt to build together when the flood abates. Here he has the germ of a real story that may be all his own, the story of the impetuous and primitive Didge, with her lack of book learning, attempting to live and achieve harmony with the educated Jack. He ought to develop it in a subsequent book, for it would be something relatively new under sun.



# Bibliography - 1020

"At the Left of the Altar Were the Rada Drums."

The Illustrations on This Page Are From Drawings by Alexander King for "The Magic Island."

**THE MAGIC ISLAND.** By W. B. Seabrook. Illustrated with drawings by Alexander King and photographs by the author. 336 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$3.50.

By R. L. DUFFUS

**N**O matter how fond one may be of oppressed races or how firmly convinced that it is the white man's mission to carry soap and alarm clocks, by main force if necessary, to the lesser breeds without the law, it is a relief to find a white traveler in a black country who has passed beyond these surface controversies. Mr. Seabrook has done this in his book on the people of Haiti. It can be said of many travelers that they have traveled widely. Of Mr. Seabrook a much finer thing may be said—he has traveled deeply. It is apparent that he has penetrated as few white men have done, perhaps as few white men has done in so short a time, to the soul of Haiti. At the same time he has not lost contact with, nor apparently respect for, that very practical point of view represented by the United States Marine Corps.

There are two distinct phases of Mr. Seabrook's book. One consists of objective observations, excellently made and recorded, but not beyond the scope of any accomplished teller of travelers' tales. His work would have intense interest and deserve success for this alone. He tells us about a young man named Faustin E. Wirkus, a sergeant of marines, who rose to be King of the island of La Gonave, off the Haitian coast—a Kipling-esque achievement to which Mr. Seabrook has done full justice. Wirkus's administration of his kingdom is one of those incidents which would almost make a Jeffersonian Democrat believe in imperialism. It was largely a matter of personality, such as, with all due respect to the traditions of an honored branch of the service, one would not count upon finding in a hard-boiled sergeant of our sea-going infantry. It is surprising to learn that this island, clearly visible from the mainland, had not been accurately mapped at the time of the American occupation, though it had farms, towns and a well-developed life of its own. At the black Queen, with a fine sense of

her own dignity, shares the sceptre, though not in any sense conjugally, with Sergeant Wirkus. On Saturday night the peasants dance the Congo dance, and Mr. Seabrook, who has mastered the patois of Haiti—a simplified and clipped dialect of the French—took down some of the songs which accompany it.

Mr. Seabrook ascended Morne La Selle, the highest point on the main island of Haiti, and also the highest point between Haiti and the Rockies. Some notion of conditions in the interior may be gathered from the fact that Mr. Seabrook's party found two native settlements, on opposite sides of a canyon, whose respective inhabitants had never seen nor communicated with their neighbors. Morne La Selle was supposed to be haunted. Perhaps it was, for on one of the peaks Mr. Seabrook found recent ashes of a great fire which may have had a connection with some voodoo ceremony. Down in the lower valleys by the sea, however, modernism was creeping in. Until the arrival of the Americans the Haitians had not drawn color lines—or rather had not known that there could be a social disability in color. The marines, with all their virtues, brought color consciousness. The resulting social situation was at least interesting, particularly as the Haitians, far from accepting a place of inferiority, drew lines of their own, excluding the whites. This refers, of course, to the upper classes, educated in France and with traditions behind them. Even the lower-class Haitians have their pride, none the less, for many among them are descendants of chiefs and warriors, Zulus and Dahomans. Some members of the American colony, especially in the higher ranks, managed to forget color in their relations with the educated Haitians. That the Haitians had something to teach is illustrated by an incident which Mr. Seabrook relates. President Borno is in his private moments one of the country's leading poets. Mr. Seabrook found him and four members of his government in earnest conference at a reception. They were discussing the relative merits of the pure French tradition and of the vernacular as forces in Haitian

literature.

The other phase of Mr. Seabrook's book is his study of voodoo, or rather of the religion of Haiti. Here we have a sympathetic contribution of vast importance to a little-understood subject. It is not quite a scientific contribution, for Mr. Seabrook is admittedly a mystic. Perhaps it is better than scientific, for it tells the story of voodoo from the inside as well as from the outside. Mr. Seabrook gained the confidence of the natives by what seems to have been an accident of personality. Maman Célie was "the high priestess of the mysteries." And, says our author:

Between Maman Célie and me there was a bond which I cannot analyze or hope to make others understand, because in my innermost self its roots went deep beyond analysis or conscious reasoning. We had both felt it almost from our first contact. It was as if we had known each other always, had been at some past time united by the mystical equivalent of an umbilical cord; as if I had suckled in infancy at her dark breasts, had wandered far and was now returning home.

Voodooism is not a secret society. It is an ancient religion, compounded of rites and beliefs brought from Africa and mingled with naïve conceptions of Christianity. The cross and the serpent rest on the native altars, and both are sincerely worshiped. Mr. Seabrook, lending himself to the influence of the powerful emotions generated by the weird ceremonies which he witnessed, penetrated deeply into the Haitian psychology, thrilled with the same nameless fears which beset his black friends. He tells us after describing one orgiastic scene:

I did not experience the revolution which literary tradition prescribes. It was savage and abandoned, but it seemed to me magnificent and not devoid of a certain beauty. Something within myself awoke and responded to it. These, of course, were individual emotional reactions, perhaps deplorable in a supposedly civilized person. But I believe that the thing itself—their thing, I mean—is rationally defensible. Of what use is any life without its moments or hours of ecstasy?

One who recalls the Grecian mysteries or the phenomena of the old-fashioned American camp meeting will have to admit that there is something pertinent in this observation. There is something pertinent, too, in Mr. Seabrook's query: "What, after all, were they

doing here in these final scenes, when formal ritual had ended, that brook's book is his study of voodoo, or rather of the religion of Haiti. Here we have a sympathetic contribution of vast importance to a little-understood subject. It is not quite a scientific contribution, for Mr. Seabrook is admittedly a mystic. Perhaps it is better than scientific, for it tells the story of voodoo from the inside as well as from the outside. Mr. Seabrook gained the confidence of the natives by what seems to have been an accident of personality. Maman Célie was "the high priestess of the mysteries." And, says our author:

Between Maman Célie and me there was a bond which I cannot analyze or hope to make others understand, because in my innermost self its roots went deep beyond analysis or conscious reasoning. We had both felt it almost from our first contact. It was as if we had known each other always, had been at some past time united by the mystical equivalent of an umbilical cord; as if I had suckled in infancy at her dark breasts, had wandered far and was now returning home.

The death of President Sam was the end of Haiti's period of revolution and disorder, for the marines landed the same day and have been there ever since. Mr. Seabrook gives our soldiers and administrators full credit for the peace, sanitation, the stabilization of finances and the good roads which they more or less gently induced the Haitians to accept. This put an end to "the freedom of negro people to govern or to govern themselves, to stand as human beings like any others without cringing or asking leave of any white man." Mr. Seabrook hopes that it did not put an end to the "something that was in the soul of the little gentleman" who called at the Dominican legation just after the death of President Sam, sent in his card to the prison keeper, the murderer of his three sons, and, when the refugee appeared, "shot him carefully three times through the heart."

**JOHNSON'S BOOK TRANSLATED** NEW YORK: James Weldon Johnson, 1912. The autobiography of an "old colored man" has been translated into German and English.

## AN ATLAS OF DIALECTS.

The Council of Learned Societies, under whose auspices the monumental Dictionary of American Biography is being prepared, has another great work in prospect. While the other work of national dimensions has not been definitely entered upon, the Council has called and financed a conference looking to its undertaking. This project—a dialect atlas—has to do with the living and not the dead, and has for its object not the preservation of the memory of the achievements and worth of individuals, but the varying dialects used in our daily American

speech. It is admitted that this is contemplated with no practical purpose in mind. But universal education, mobility and the radio are causing many American dialects to disappear, and unless there is haste, it will not be possible to know with accuracy, for example, how "care" could be pronounced in four distinctive and geographically representative ways.

Regional idioms are likely also to be assimilated under these speech-leveling influences. Moreover, class pronunciations cannot persist with the same rigidity or haughtiness in progressive democracy. Each group borrows from the others. The argot of the street is carried up into the speech of the university. The Academy in turn "listens in" upon the "announcer's" English in the hope of lifting it to its own standards. Some day, no doubt, we shall not be able to determine one's local origin by peculiarity of pronunciation or idiom.

The view was expressed by the probable director of this survey that an "average dialect" might be suggested for future use by the statistics that are gathered—the mid-Western for example—but languages do not follow such arbitrary directions in their development. They pay little attention even to dictionaries, which are, after all, not dictators but are subject to popular speech. But as in pure physical science, the research student does not ask what practical good it will do to pursue a certain inquiry, so in the science of linguistics, such a study is undertaken for the sake of the human record. Some day it may have an applied value. For the present it is in the world of speech as the study of the atom in the field of physics—the word is the atom out of which the world's speech and literature have been created, and like the atom it is a creature of mysterious forces more elemental than itself.



# Dumas Pere, Who Lived And Wrote With Gusto

M. Lucas Dubreton Presents the Master Story-Teller in

*A Lively Book Packed With Anecdotes*

THE FOURTH MUSKETEER, THE LIFE OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS. By T. Lucas-Dubreton. New York: Coward-McCann. \$3. Those who believe in the pre-

By LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

SOME people have the ill-luck to be born blind; others are unable to enjoy the novels of Alexandre Dumas. It would be difficult to say which group is the more unfortunate. Yet because of all that their infirmity denotes, perhaps the latter is the more to be pitied. For not to enjoy the books of this most robust and active and high-spirited of authors, this writer who more than almost any other overflows with the spirit of adventure and the joy of life, is to show one's self anemic of spirit if not of body.

That "Les Trois Mousquetaires," "La Reine Margot," "Monte Cristo," "Le Collier de la Reine" and the rest have their faults, cannot be denied. Especially in some of the later novels there is a superabundance of words, a lack of form, a tendency, so to speak, to sprawl all over the place, which is actually distressing. If Dumas had had but a touch of the critical faculty, if he had been able to revise and to re-write even a little, his novels might be much better than they are—but then he might not have been Dumas, the ill-regulated, prolific, tropical genius, who indeed "owed the abundance of his powers only to the lavish expenditure he made of them," who was in truth "one of the forces of nature." Although M. Lucas-Dubreton makes the curious slip of calling Chicot the hero of "La Reine Margot," he knows and loves his Dumas. And he also possesses the ability to portray, clearly, with vitality and abundant sympathy, this man who never grew up, who squandered himself as he squandered his money, whose mistresses followed one another in dazzlingly rapid succession, yet who prided himself on never having written an obscene line, this laughing, good-natured Colossus, as generous in word and thought as in cash. Projected against a well-drawn background of the time, he brings home to us

the full immensity of Dumas's accomplishment.

Those who believe in the predominating importance of heredity find their opinion sustained by tracing the lineage of Dumas. There was the negress grand-mother to pass on her love of color and of exuberance; the patrician grandfather to transmit the sympathy with the feelings of the born aristocrat which would keep cropping out in Dumas, despite his fervently avowed Republicanism; and then there was that very lively and adventurous ancestress who escaped from the convent into which her husband had shut her, and behaved so scandalously that her own father obtained a "lettre de cachet," and had her forcibly restrained. Dumas, it would appear, resembled his father's side of the house; to his mother's family he would seem to have owed little, unless it were from them that he inherited his talent for cooking and the sweetness of temper which made him immune from the petty jealousies and mean-nesses which beset the other authors of his day, even men as great as Balzac and Victor Hugo.

To his would-be rivals' sneers he replied only with a jest and a laugh. Enormously vain, his vanity was never of the uneasy, suspicious type. He took people's admiration for granted. Of course they would applaud him! How could they possibly do anything else?

Yet in his early life there was little enough of applause. When he was 15, the genius who was to create "a living theatre out of a closet theatre," and characters whose names would be household words more than half a century after he was dead, seemed to be capable only of acting as a copying clerk. He wrote a beautiful hand: "But every idiot can write well," declared his despairing mother. Readers of "Ange Pitou" will remember the picture Dumas gives of his boyhood in the little town of Villers-Cotterets, where he was poached and hunted, learned to fence and generally ran wild. A dramatist by the

word from the great Talma caused

the totally uneducated boy to de-

cide on a literary career. And it

was with the 600 francs he had won

at billiards that he came for the

second time to Paris, rented a

tiny room, and, characteristically

enough, gave a "royal gratuity"

to the concierge. As he himself

later admitted: "Whether I was

earning 1,500 or 15,000 francs a

year, I have always played the

grand seigneur a bit." It was then

he met Catherine Lebay, who be-

came the mother of Dumas fils.

Alexandre was already a father

when his own adored mother's

complaints of her loneliness caused

him to invite her to Paris. She

came; and Dumas was faced with

the problem of supporting "two

households and four persons" on

1,200 francs a year. So with two

collaborators he wrote a vaudeville

sketch, received 300 francs, and

used the money to print his first

book, of which precisely four copies

were sold. Then came the writing

of his first play, founded on the

story of Christine of Sweden.

"The manuscript \* \* \* would come

forth under the light of the lamp.

\* \* \* Catherine sewed, the baby

cried, and Alexandre, finally im-

patient, seized his son by the arm

and sent him flying, hit or miss,

at the bed."

"Christine" was accepted, but

with a character-

istically generous

gesture, Dumas

waived produc-

tion. The play

which made him

famous was

"Henri III et sa

Cour." The

morning after the

first performance

Alexandre, who

had spent the

night on a mat-

tress beside the

mother, "awoke

to find himself

cists who were in revolt against the stodginess of the classical school.

The critics were unkind, but the

public applauded, and rival authors

grew jealous of the young mulat-

o who had come to his first

night in a collar cut hastily out of

cardboard, who had broken all the

long-established rules and won the

game. Then came the revolt of

1830, when Dumas, always deter-

mined to play a star part, volun-

teered to obtain the needed powder

from Soissons, and was embraced

by Lafayette. Dumas was always

playing a part, always the centre

of his own stage. Now he settled

accounts with his ex-mistresses,

and prepared to acquire new ones.

That curious life in which work, love, gastronomy

travel, festivals, financial specula-

tions, dazzling successes and heavy

failures, splendor and misery,

were inextricably mixed."

The book is full of amusing anec-

dotes, as every good biography of

Dumas necessarily must be. "He

had such powers of radiating life

and enthusiasm that, whatever he

did, people were passionately inter-

ested in his projects," though when

he came to spend the night with

Mélingue, and at 4 A. M. insisted

on moving all the bedroom furni-

ture, the exhausted actor was much

displeased. We see the tempestu-

ous, vitality-radiating Alexandre

playing politics, taking possession

of a man-of-war, building his mag-

nificent chateau, cooking omelettes,

running a journal, pouring forth fic-

tion in a flood, immersed in debts,

and at last in his old age tenderly

cared for by the son who was so

unlike himself. The picture of the

dying Dumas, answering with a

smile and a "Very well," when

asked how he felt, playing domi-

noes with his granddaughters, and

pathetically anxious for his son's

assurance that part at least of all

he had written would live, is beau-

tifully done, with simplicity and

sincerity. It is a delightful biog-

raphy which M. Lucas-Dubreton

has written, a biography written

with much of the lively ease, the

spirit and the relish of the beloved

author who is its subject. That

author has made French history a

living thing to thousands of read-

ers; his heroes, and his heroes are

himself, still bring delight wherever

books are read. "He does not grow

old, he does not grow old-fashioned

because he has the freshness of

nature, which always renews it.

self," this genius the world still calls by the affectionate title of "Dumas père."

to the theory so fairly, however, and defends it so weakly that an anti-communalist can only wish his work a wide circulation.

## Other Briefs

South Carolina Ballads, with a Study of the Traditional Ballad. He has, indeed, produced a capital book.

Today. Collected and Edited by Reed Smith. Harvard University Press. \$3.

The core of this volume consists of fourteen traditional ballads and two folk-songs collected in South Carolina. In all Mr. Smith records forty-three variants of these ballads and furnishes them for twelve of them. He has edited his materials with admirable skill and simplicity and with full references to Child's great work and to the publications of Olive D. Campbell, C. J. Sharp, J. H. Cox, Louise Pound, and other collectors and students. In an appendix he gives a list of all ballads surviving in the United States and Canada. Eight brief, pleasantly written chapters serve as an introduction not only to Mr. Smith's own work but to the whole subject of con-temporary balladry. The one fault to find with the author is that he looks rather too favorably upon the theory of communal origins. Communal composition is, of course, a fact, but it requires a rare faith to believe that communal composition, under any circumstances conceivable, could have produced the ancient Scottish ballads. Mr. Smith states the objections



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# THE BLACKER THE BERRY

By Wallace Thurman

Don't miss the rent party. It is one of the authentic Harlem scenes in this novel of Negro life as seen from within. Thurman has arrived as a thumping good selected Negro novelist. The story is of an educated girl struggling against her own race's discrimination against dark skin. \$2.50

## BOOK REVIEW

### Black Realism

THE BLACKER THE BERRY

By Wallace Thurman

Published by Macaulay, New York. \$2.50

THIS is an age of pessimism in literature, especially in literature concerning the Negro. With one or two exceptions, all the novels written about the Negro in the past five years are calculated to leave the reader asking himself: "What's the use of a Negro's living, if this is all life holds for him?" They leave a bad taste in the mind, if not in the mouth. The authors pass over the thousands of Negroes who are living bravely, if not happily, and select the sickliest characters they can find. Thus their books are peopled with cowards, toads, degenerates and plain fools, with hardly a manly or womanly fibre in them.

To this tendency there are two notable exceptions. After you have scraped the dirt off of "Home to Harlem" you will find a real man in it. A far more palatable exception is "Walls of Jericho," which dares to present Negro men and women worth meeting and encourages the belief that its author is destined to write "the" Negro novel.

The trouble is that the Negro author, whether it be his fault or not, has got off on the wrong foot. This is called the age of realism or naturalism in literature, and the

Negro is not ready for it. An age of realism requires many preceding ages of epical, heroic, romantic literature. After the white race's ego has been fortified by its Iliads, Nibelungenlieds and countless other sagas, it can afford a few whiffs of naturalism. All the white nations started in with their heroes and are just now coming round to their unheroic types. To put it plainly, a healthy, grown man can stand a few drinks of whiskey, because his constitution has been built up against any inroads they might make; but giving whiskey to a small child is quite another matter.

The Negro has no epics to sustain him. His Caesars, Siegfrieds, Beowulfs, Achilles and Vikings left no sagas behind them; he may have had none, for all he knows. Lacking them, he might have turned to the heroes he knows of, his King Christophe, Fred Douglass, Chaka, Toussaint L'Ouverture, Cateway, Crispus Attucks and others, or to his less distinguished contemporaries who are bearing up gamely against adversity. Instead of that, he starts in with realism and naturalism, absinthe and whiskey. The result is not healthy, either for the Negro's ego or his literature.

"The Blacker the Berry," by Wallace Thurman, is a realistic novel, whose general theme is that a black girl might as well have been strangled at birth. Emma Lou Morgan, the heroine, is a jet-black girl in a light-colored family. From her infancy her mother and all her relatives thrust her blackness at her till it becomes the burden of her life. She goes away to school, but there her lighter schoolmates avoid her. Thinking that people in the East are broader-minded, she runs off to New York, to Harlem. She leaves her chastity in the West, but a little thing like that doesn't matter, for an up-to-date novel doesn't really begin till the heroine gets rid of such incumbrances.

In Harlem, alas! she finds the same thing she fled from in the West. Without talent or striking personality, and poignantly conscious of her black skin, she finds it hard to make friends. Brimming with the sexuality that she unleashed in the West, she picks up

men at movie houses and pays all the expenses of her adventures. Thus she is easy prey for the Harlem pimps. Soon she is living a squalid life with one of them, who, of course, treats her like a dog.

She loves her pimp because he is yellow in color, and in spite of the fact that he is yellow in nature. For this black girl, who is so bitter at prejudice, has her own warped prejudice. She suffers when lighter people shun her because she is black, yet she will have nothing to do with men who are black. She is in her black heaven when she walks down Seventh avenue with a yellow man beside her. Her twisted mind brings her nothing but misery; it is a mercy she is not more intelligent, for then she would suffer even more than she does. For analysis of character, this is the best part of the novel.

To tell more of the story would be unfair to the author. He shows that, while white authors writing about Negroes may satisfy themselves and their white public that they are telling the truth, they can never, with all their skill, get down into the Negro character like a colored author. This author is not a finished story-teller or depicter of character; he lacks a sense of drama; but he strikes intermittent chords that practice may make continuous.

"The blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice," they say. This berry is black enough, but it leaves us waiting for the juice. There are black girls, many of them, who have triumphantly weathered the storms that sank Emma Lou. We wish the author had chosen one of them.

—AUBREY BOWSER.

### A New Africa

SLAVES OF THE SUN—By Ferdinand Ossendowski. New York. Dutton.

Ferdinand Ossendowski is one of the world's most distinguished living travelers, and, as a traveler, he occupies a niche of his own. Others may travel through the same lands, follow the same routes, meet the same people, see the same sights, but no other person sees quite as Ossendowski sees nor reports his experiences quite as Ossendowski does. He is something of a hunter, something of a naturalist, a good deal of an ethnologist, not a little of a mystic, something of a man of letters. He declares that the chief purpose of his travels is to investigate the souls of the colored races, but one is never quite sure whether he is investigating as an ethnologist or as a mystic, or as a little of both. The present

volume covers travels, prolonged and extensive, in the French African possessions. It presents to the reader, unless that reader has kept up very well with the once dark continent, a new Africa, an Africa with vastly more history than the old Africa had and an Africa with much more ordered industry, an Africa on its way to take a place in the modern age of machinery and efficiency, but still retaining a great mass of interesting superstition and quaint manners and customs. While "Slaves of the Sun," does not grip the reader as the much more adventurous volume, "Beasts, Men and Gods," nor fascinate him as that book did in its more mystic and mysterious chapters, it is a highly interesting and informative volume, very enjoyable to read, valuable to have on hand as a book of reference and information, on the subjects of what the French are doing in this continent in especial, and in a minor degree for the information which it furnishes as to the native tribes and the natural history of the regions traversed. While not illustrated, the volume is provided with a number of valuable maps. It is well printed but has more typographical errors than should be permitted in a work of this kind.



### WRITES NOVEL — Mrs.

Cora Ball Moten, former teacher in the public schools of Bloomington, Ill., and Kansas City, Mo., whose thrilling novel, "Hell," begins next week in The Chicago Defender. This novel has been called one of the finest ever attempted on the subject of race conflicts in American cities.



# THE CRITIC'S ALMANAC

## An Author Divided Against Himself

**D**U BOSE HEYWARD has enjoyed a considerable popularity in the last few years, and has been looked on as a leader among the new writers who have brought the South forward in literary affairs. That the popularity is well deserved, I think no one can deny. But Mr. Heyward's third novel, "Mamba's Daughters" (Doubleday-Doran) shows him to be wavering between the demands of his own artistic integrity and the demands made by outside influences, including no doubt the public, the metropolitan critics, and the publishers—all three as likely to operate for ill as for good.

**T**HE memorable "Porgy" was first of all a good story. Perhaps it did not rise to great heights, but in an even, melodic tone it unfolded the drama of an obscure and pathetic life, strong in the primitive values for which our jaded civilization is now greedy. It was faithful to the negro character as depicted, as Thomas Nelson Page and others were faithful in the old days. It had a novelty of attitude. The negro was allowed to stand forth as a human being in his own right, with the white world not merely put in background but shoved completely out of view. The slight tone of indulgence that Southern writers have used toward the negro was almost entirely absent, though it was replaced by a somewhat elusive tone partaking of the modern sentimentalism affected nowadays. Furthermore, "Porgy" dealt with the Gullah negro, a regional type belonging to the Carolina coast and not widely known. It was published at a time when it got the full advantage of New York's sudden fancy for negro art of all sorts, and indeed for everything pertaining to negro life.

THE SECOND novel, "Angel," loved with Fundamentalist themes against the social background of the North Carolina mountains. It did not go well, for it was somehow artificial. It had little conviction of purpose. It was not a very good story. But public interest in Mr. Heyward's work continued, for the play, "Porgy," made from the novel by Mr. Heyward and his wife Dorothy entered on a very successful run in New York and proved in many ways to be even more interesting and satisfactory, from the artistic standpoint, than the novel. There is also Mr. Heyward's poetry to be considered. His "Skylines and Horizons" and "Carolina Chansons" stand at the beginning of the poetry revival in the South. His work as leader and organizer of the Poetry society of South Carolina was notable in many ways. Since he has now apparently gone over entirely from poetry to fiction, I do not need to prolong critical comment, except to observe that his poetry, like his fiction, is regional. It exploits the negro, the mountaineer, the picturesque ways of Charleston. It reflects fine feeling and good taste and has a gentle lyrical charm, but it never shows great strength or originality.

ing mixture of things. First of all, there is the story of Mamba, the old crone from the vulgar negro set, who attaches herself to the patrician Wentworths and makes herself an indispensable retainer by shrewd ways that negroes have. She is a real creation, as well conceived as Porgy, or better. What Mamba does is by way of sacrificial labor for her daughter, Hagar, a giant incoherent child of earth, and more especially for her granddaughter, Lissa. The story of Hagar and Mamba alone would have been enough to make a fine book, and I feel that Mr. Heyward has erred greatly in not sticking to their simple tale.

**B**UT THERE is also the mixture. We are shown the pathetic secrets of the proud-but-poor Wentworths, and in much too obvious contrast to them the tawdrier secrets of a family of wealthy social climbers from the North. The mother of this latter family attempts in vain to break into the exclusive St. Cecilia circle. Victory is attained only when the father, a coolly efficient business man, maneuvers a business deal to the advantage of the Charleston men, and through them wins the coveted entry. The son of the Wentworths succumbs to the charm of a Northern girl, whose love brings him to his real self—and he vanishes weakly, rather vaguely, into the mists of New York. The unholy system by which workers in the phosphate mines are kept under the company's thumb is revealed; in this there is a little more than a hint of doctrinaire attitudes, and though the whole episode involving Hagar, young Wentworth, and others, has its dramatic and lively parts, it is rather detached from the main story. Then there is the story of Lissa, Mamba's talented granddaughter. She works her way into negro aristocracy in Charleston and finally flees to New York after Hagar's sacrificial death, and there her golden soprano charms exclusive circles and plays a distinguished part in making a new art. This last strand of narrative, especially inorganic, is an inexplicably pat echo of the Harlem school of rhapsody and propaganda, very surprising in Mr. Heyward.

The general treatment, too, smacks of conceptions extra-Charlestonian rather than indigenous. On one side is white Charleston, consciously patrician, idealized against the background of its romantic past, but a little infertile and chilly, yielding gradually before the onset of a commercial hustling world. On the other side are the negroes—full of primitive strength and zest, superstitious but humorous and wise, somewhat abused yet on the whole pampered and indulged by the white folks, curiously faithful to the "quality" white folks and to negro codes at the same time.

In this contrast, as in occasional touches on social conditions, Mr. Heyward ceases to be a local colorist and leans in the direction of sociology.

**R**ELUCTANTLY, one comes to the conclusion that in "Mamba's Daughters," despite many excellent strokes of character and incident, Mr. Heyward has faltered uncertainly. He is divided against himself, and it is still impossible to say what he is going to make of himself. But in justice to him—and he is a writer for whom one would cheerfully make every possible excuse—it is well to remember that "Mamba's Daughters" was first published serially. In the serialization, a stretching and filling out process may have occurred, to the great disadvantage of the book and the disappointment of those who wish Mr. Heyward well.—D. D.

Local City, Tenn., Progress  
Wednesday, February 13, 1929

## NEWS & REVIEWS

By W. D. Hogan

Ulrich B. Phillips, professor of American history at the University of Michigan, has been awarded the prize of \$2500, in addition to book royalties, for the best unpublished work on American history, offered by the Little, Brown & Company, book publishers of Boston. The judges of the contest, which closed October 1, were James Thuslow Adams of Brooklyn, author of "The Founding of New England"; Worthington C. Ford of Boston, editor of the Massachusetts Historical Society; and Allen Nevins of New York, professor of history at Columbia University.

Professor Phillips' prize-winning manuscript, a history of the South, will be published next May, under the title of "Life and Labor in the Old South." Professor Phillips was born in LaGrange, Georgia, in 1877, and was educated at the University of Georgia and Columbia University. After teaching history at the University of Georgia and at the Columbia University, University of Wisconsin, and at Tulane University, he became professor of American history at the University of Michigan in 1911. He was captain in the Military Intelligence Division of the American Army 1918-1919. Professor Phillips is a prominent member of the American Historical Association and the author of several books, including "American Negro Slavery," regarded as authoritative on this subject.

ches qui confirment que le nombre des types linguistiques existant dans le monde est en somme très petit, car il n'y eut que peu de peuples à exercer une large action extérieure.

Les langues négro-africaines et leurs rapports avec l'égyptien. Mlle Homburger lit une notice sur les langues négro-africaines modernes. Certains mots que l'on trouve dans ces langues sont ceux qui, en égyptien, servaient à désigner les parties du corps. Ce fait lui semble confirmer les conclusions déduites de l'étude des faits morphologiques et l'amène à affirmer que les langues des noirs dérivent de l'égyptien ancien.

M. Meillet et M. Moret font ressortir le vif intérêt de la thèse présentée par Mlle Homburger. M. Moret rend hommage au soin et à la conscience qu'elle a mis à son travail qui précise certains rapprochements que nous aurait faits déjà entre la langue égyptienne et celles des noirs. Il indique combien ses recherches sont précieuses et sont déjà précieuses pour les égyptologues.

Pour M. Meillet, Mlle Homburger a formulé une hypothèse très hardie qui a de grandes chances de répondre à la réalité. Il y a là, en tout cas, un ensemble de faits dont l'importance est de premier ordre pour l'histoire et la linguistique. Il est permis de penser que les langues africaines rentrent dans le groupe babylonien qui offre la plus longue histoire linguistique connue. L'étude de la civilisation est intéressée par ces recherches.





## An Author Divided Against Himself

J BOSE HEYWARD has enjoyed a considerable popularity in the last few years, and has been looked on as a leader among the new writers who have brought the South forward in literary affairs. That the popularity is well deserved, I think no one can deny. But Mr. Heyward's third novel, "Mamba's Daughters" (Doubleday-Doran) shows him to be wavering between the demands of his own artistic integrity and the demands made by outside influences, including no doubt the public, the metropolitan critics, and the publishers—all three as likely to operate for ill as for good.

THE memorable "Porgy" was first of all a good story. Perhaps it did not rise to some primary questions, as a regionalist, or a colonialist, we are obliged to ask. It was faithful to the negro character, as Thomas Nelson, our jaded civilization is now greedy, in the primitive values for which it was faithful to the negro character. It was faithful to the negro character, as Thomas Nelson, our jaded civilization is now greedy, in the primitive values for which it was faithful to the negro character. It was faithful to the negro character, as Thomas Nelson, our jaded civilization is now greedy, in the primitive values for which it was faithful to the negro character.

ing mixture of things. First of all, there is the story of Mamba, the old crone from the vulgar negro set, who attaches herself to the patrician Wentworths and makes herself an indispensable retainer by shrewd ways that negroes have. She is a real creation, as well conceived as Porgy, or better. What Mamba does is by way of sacrifice, a giant incoherent child of earth, and more especially for her grand-daughter, Lissa. The story of Mamba and Mamba alone would have been enough to make a fine book, and I feel that Mr. Heyward has earned greatly in not sticking to their simple tale.

UT THERE is also the mixture. We are shown the pathetic secrets of the proud but poor Wentworths, and in much too obvious contrast to them the too obvious secrets of a family of wealth, social climbers from the North. The mother of this latter family attempts in vain to break into the exclusive St. Cecilia circle. Victory is attained only when the father, a coolly efficient business man, maneuvers a business deal to the advantage of the Charleston men, and through them wins the coveted entry. The son of the Wentworths succumbs to the charm of a Northern girl, whose love brings him to his real self—and he vanishes weakly, rather vaguely, into the mists of New York. The unholo system by which workers in the phosphate mines are kept under the company's thumb is revealed; in this there is a little more than a hint of doctrinaire attitudes, and though the whole episode involving Mamba, young Wentworth, and others, has its dramatic and lively parts, it is rather detached from the main story. Then there is the story of Lissa. Mamba's talented granddaughter. She works her way into negro aristocracy in Charleston and finally flees to New York after Mamba's sacrificial death, and there her golden so-plays a distinguished part in making a new art. This last strand of narrative, especially inorganic, is an inexplicable pat echo of the Har-landa, very surprising in Mr. Hey-

ELUCTANTLY, one comes to the conclusion that in "Mamba's Daughters," despite many excellent strokes of character and incident, Mr. Heyward has faltered against himself, and it is still impossible to say what he is going to make of himself. But in justice to him—and he is a writer for whom one would cheerfully make every possible excuse—it is well to remember that "Mamba's Daughters" was serially published, stretching and filling out process may have occurred, to the great disadvantage of the book and the disappointment of those who wish Mr. Heyward well.—D. D.

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Bibliography - 1929

## Contrasting Cultures

*Oriental and Occidental Culture: an Interpretation.* By Maurice Parmelee. The Century Company. \$4.

SINCE every American traveler who has seen a sampan, a ricksha, or a pagoda seems ready to talk volubly about Eastern civilization, it is surprising that Mr. Parmelee's work is the first book in English to sketch in a complete outline the fascinating contrast between Eastern and Western culture. Bertrand Russell pictured certain phases of Chinese life with an almost naive admiration; Katherine Mayo drew a tory bill of indictment against India; Mr. Parmelee steers between these two extremes with a sure hand. He has produced an analysis of contrasting cultures that is compact, neat, and illuminating—one of the most valuable books that has been written about the Orient.

We commonly say that our civilization is "higher" than that of the Orient, and Mr. Parmelee's survey seems clearly to justify our conviction. No beauty of ancient paintings or ecstasy of religious contemplation can make up for the human suffering of Oriental life, the starvation of the common worker the twelve- and fifteen-hour day, the illiteracy and disease. Only an erratic aesthete like Lafcadio Hearn could balance a Japanese temple against a tractor and choose the temple. The trouble with most Westerners who act as purveyors of culture to the Orient is that they do not appreciate the limitations of our economic superiority. They assume that greater excellence in plumbing establishes a presumption in favor of our monogamy, our gun-boats, and our fundamentalism. Mr. Parmelee cuts through these assumptions with his keen analysis of the values in Oriental life. The East, he concludes, has much to teach the West in tranquillity, in clothes, and in sexual standards. About the latter he says:

Without borrowing the sacrifice of the individual to the family system, the Occident may well learn from the Orient a franker recognition of sex and a more adequate means of satisfying the sexual need. Western writers usually denounce early Oriental marriage for the evils often associated with it, but ignore the greater evil of belated Occidental marriage. A good deal of Occidental legislation is directed toward the postponement of mating, such as the laws placing the age consent at sixteen or higher, some of the laws concerning seduction and rape, etc. The West should, on the contrary, endeavor to facilitate normal mating at an early age by encouraging the economic independence of women as well as of men, and the free use of contraceptive measures.

Incidentally, Mr. Parmelee does a real service in helping to deflate the Western image of Gandhi. The great leader of the non-cooperation movement has done much to give Indian Nationalism emotional intensity, but his attack upon the encroaching machine is childish and sentimental.

**TIMES**  
RALEIGH, N. C.

NOV 13 1929

## CAN WE LOOK FORWARD TO BOOK THAT CATCHES NEGRO DIALECT?

We are hoping if not trusting that the following dispatch from Chapel Hill in connection with a new book of the University Press may be not too enthusiastic:

Prof. B. Johnson's latest book, "John Henry," recently released by the University of North Carolina press, is receiving much favorable comment by reviewers the country over.

The book is written in free, flowing style, characteristic of Professor Johnson, who belongs to the Sociology Department of the University. When dialect is used, it lacks the favorite devices of the dialect writer. It is the spontaneous folk language of the Negro, free from all labored grotesqueries.

If this author has indeed given us a book about the Negro in which we will have an understandable and illuminating dialect, he has done something few, if any, writers have ever achieved. The soft tones of the Negro, his idioms and turns of speech, his beautiful contradictions and paradoxes, have been a long literary despair. If the ear translates and records them, the limitations of type intervene to make them largely meaningless. The mere spelling of dialect—especially that of the Negro—is an appalling obstacle. If the Negro dialect has in reality been caught for literature, any book featuring the feat is for that account alone to be marked a success!

## JOURNAL & COURIER LAFAYETTE, IND.

### NOV 1 1929 WHEN THE TIDE TURNED

It remained for Mrs. Martha Nicholson McKay to bring out in her new book, "When the Tide Turned in the Civil War", certain points in our national history which heretofore have been neglected, minimized or ignored. Mrs. McKay has tried, and quite effectively, to make clear in her book the part taken by the Negro in the struggle for the Union.

This gleaned from the great conflict of the 'sixties is well worth while, for it seeks to do justice and to place credit where they belong. The book is a study of the 54th Massachusetts regiment, (Negro troops), the first of the Negro regiments to enter the service. Under a white colonel, Robert Gould Shaw, this Negro outfit won imperishable glory, established the Negro as a valuable fighting man and a real factor in the achievement of ultimate Union victory.

On the record of the 54th Massachusetts regiment; on the showing made by Col. Shaw's soldiers, it was possible to recruit other organizations made up of Negroes, and finally some 200,000 of these Negro soldiers were enrolled. The war had been two years in progress before Negro soldiers were tried.

Mrs. McKay performs a service and does justice when she makes plain in her book the difficulties, hardships and obstacles that

faced Negro troops in the civil war time.

It was known that the opposition would give no quarter to Negro soldiers in blue. The Negro troops had to overcome prejudice on all sides and to win the confidence and respect of their own officers by extraordinary deeds of valor and devotion. They were even compelled to accept lower pay than the white soldier. For a year they went without pay. They were not conscripts, but volunteers, yet the record shows they were thus mistreated. All this is recounted in Mrs. McKay's unusual volume.

The manuscript has been highly praised by such writers as William Dean Howells and Meredith Nicholson. Mrs. McKay declares her conviction that the fortunes of war actually turned very largely upon the arming of the Negroes and the service they rendered while in the uniform of blue.

Horace Greeley declared in a New York Tribune editorial at the time that if the 54th Massachusetts, the pioneer of 200,000 Negro troops, had faltered or faltered, thus discouraging the enrollment or use of Negro soldiers, the civil war probably would have continued for at least another year. Greeley wrote: "To this Massachusetts 54th was set the stupendous task of convincing the white race that colored troops would fight. For this black band to waver once was to fall forever, and to carry down with it, perhaps, the fortunes of the republic. It did more than was expected of it and came out not merely with credit but an imperishable fame".

In the Spanish-American war the Negro troops made an enviable record in conspicuous emergencies. In later years in the Philippines and in Mexico they proved their mettle, and in the world war their record was more than creditable.

It is good to know that the truth about the famous 54th Massachusetts and the Negro army that followed it into the service at last has been given a place on history's pages.

## PROFESSOR ISSUES STUDY OF JOURNALISM DURING CIVIL WAR

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 10.—(Spl)—Of interest to Georgians is the announcement by George Peabody college of the publication of a dissertation, "The Georgia Press during the Civil War Period", written by Dr. Rabun L. Brantley, head of the English and journalism departments and treasurer of Bessie Tift college. The book has been released by the press of the Williams Company, Nashville. In the preface to the publication the author states that about 25,000 copies of Georgia newspapers were examined, some 10,000 of which were of the Civil War period. The war

journalism of the cities of Atlanta, Savannah, Macon, and Columbus is treated in detail.

After an introductory chapter on the press of the period 1850-1860, Dr. Brantley gives a 50-page exhibit of all the Georgia papers published during the period of the conflict followed by a close study of four Georgia cities. 11-11-29

According to the study, there were 22 daily papers published in the state during the war period. The Savannah News had the largest circulation of all papers in the state at the beginning of the war, but failed to hold first place. Every paper in the state, except the Southern Cultivator, was obliged to suspend operations at times, but not until every effort had been made to procure sufficient paper, ink, and labor with which to print the sheets. The advance of the enemy did not disturb some of the papers for long—no longer than it required to secure a box-car for moving to another location.

At the beginning of the war the increased volume of advertising forced all other reading matter from the front pages of some of the Georgia papers. The conditions of advertising fluctuated, apparently, according to the fortunes of the Confederate army. The newspapers usually made a brief editorial comment when a new advertisement was carried, praising the quality of goods offered for sale. Early in 1865 there was a noticeable increase in the advertisements offering negroes for sale.

The study by Professor Brantley is said to be the most intimate study of a group of newspapers over a definite period yet made.



# BOOK REVIEW

## Bastard Soldier of the Cross

WINGS ON MY FEET. By Howard W. Odum. Published by Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis, Ind.

**T**HIS book has the same author and the same hero as "Rainbow Round My Shoulder," the book which a year ago delighted all the white critics and nauseated all self-respecting Negroes. "Rainbow Round My Shoulder" was almost an encyclopaedia of Negro obscenities and general low-down cussedness, a garbage can both in content and in form. The author's next book had to be something higher; it couldn't be any lower, if as low. "Wings on My Feet" is a great improvement on its predecessor; both author and hero have climbed up out of the muck.

In "Wings on My Feet" Tiger Gordon, or Black Ulysses, as some call him, goes to war, the World War. Going to war doesn't bother him, for he has spent his life among brutal things; he is hardened to injustice, murder and all kinds of human baseness and cruelty. He goes to war because he has to, he "can't do nothin' 'bout it." He has no illusions about saving the world for democracy or making it a better place for his people. He has a primitive common sense that pierces all the phingistic shams and he is honest enough to confess that he doesn't know what the war is all about. He is keen enough to see, too, that others of supposedly greater intelligence don't know, either. He makes a shrewd thrust at war and soldiering when he says that the white mountaineers make mighty good soldiers because they don't know what war is about.

So he goes cheerfully off to war with the boast that he will whet his razor-blade on the Kaiser's hide and hitch his mules to the Hindenburg line. There is no more continuity in his story than there was in "Rainbow Round My Shoulder"; it is a running series of disconnected but diverting adventures. How Round My Shoulder, it has in and out of the guardhouse much of the fragmentary style of every chapter; he boasts that W. O. L. is his middle name; he has wings on his feet and they won't keep still. His personality, for all his cussedness, is so engaging that the officers cannot be hard on him; they punish him only when they have to. He met with very little meanness from the officers and a great deal of it from the white private soldiers and military police. But though he says that war and the devil are the same thing, he really enjoys the war, for he is kind of man who laughs his way through everything.

No; not everything. For all his don't-care philosophy one thing gets under his skin—the sight of the army treating German prisoners better than they treated colored

valid for the context. There should be some relief from the hero's primitive way of expressing himself. If a writer of the dialect school is to follow out his theory in writing the autobiography of a dog, he should have to bark and growl 300 pages straight. This book is interspersed with lyrics, some of them very good. One is classic:

A man in Georgia pulled a gun  
An' took a shot at me.  
Jes' as he took the second shot  
I passed through Tennessee.

—AUBREY BOWSER.

### TRUST

The Future of Africa. By Sir G. Guggisberg and Rev. A. G. Fraser. (6s. net.) "East Africa in Transition." (1s. net.) Both published by the Student Christian Movement, 32, Russell Square, W.C.2.

**T**O those who have read the report of the Hilton Young Commission to East Africa, "East Africa in Transition" will hold little that is new, for it is almost entirely a summary, certified by Lord Lugard as fair, of that lengthy document by a group of persons who are anxious that the forthcoming issue of Sir Samuel Wilson's report of his later mission, and the debate that will ensue in the House of Commons, shall be followed by a public that is fully informed on the main points of a most intricate problem, in which through the relatively parochial question of European settler versus African there appears the crucial test of a trustee's good faith, the defence of his ward to the detriment (as they believe) of his own people. That the Commission, like earlier impartial inquirers, states clearly that in any clash African interests must prevail is the main fact that is at present of interest to West Africa, where readers of the report are naturally, however, somewhat impatient of the cautious optimism of a Commission that can only say of the future "No one can tell to what level the African is capable of advancing."

In face of this uncertainty of a body possessing, as a Commission, but a short acquaintance with Africa, readers of "East Africa in Transition" should turn to "The Future of the Negro," giving the opinion of Sir Gordon Guggisberg, backed by a quarter of a century of African experience. There they will find that the African's only upward limit is that of the rest of humanity enjoying the same opportunities, and he goes on to prove his case by the remarkable progress of that new race which calls itself Afro-American, a race which, in spite of a popular misconception, does not owe its great success in business or other activities to an admixture of "Nordic" blood. What is being done in America is not necessarily an indication of the future of the African, of course, but when it is remembered that the basis of the great progress of the past 60 years is African human nature repressed by generations of slavery, the promise for the race in its own home in Africa is bright, provided that adequate educational facilities become available and—still more important—that every effort be made not only to cure disease but to eradicate entirely those scourges that, even when cured, leave irreparable damage to mental and moral powers.

America, like East Africa, has many problems of racial relationship from which West Africa is, and will be, free, and their discussion here would only intensify, if that were possible, the West African's determination to allow no alien disposal of his land. The great point is that, amid much that might have embittered the race for ever, the Afro-American as a whole is gaining a stability of character that makes of him a good citizen, and one likely to attract little

adverse attention unless some economic crisis throws into sharp relief his ability to under-cut his lighter competitors. But even in this, his growing culture is equalising matters by increasing his needs, as may be seen in all the great centres.

In his own continent, the African, even without education, has proved himself, as witness the agricultural successes of the Gold Coast and the progress of Nigeria, the almost illimitable expansion of which, in the face of reasonably favourable markets, was promised by Mr. A. J. Findlay in his address at Liverpool reported in these columns last week. If other testimony to the growing efficiency of Africans as farmers were needed, it might be quoted from Lord Lugard's paper in the last West African number of the "Manchester Guardian," but the export figures themselves, and the constant reiteration in British commercial circles that the African producer is the mainstay of the West African trade should be sufficient to show any political party or other body that there is only one way to improve African production,—by direct educative action on the people themselves and not by any attempted change in the system of land tenure.

That settlers in East Africa, originally invited thither by the Government, and dependent on a wage-earning Africa for their labour, cannot accept this is of course, not surprising, but even were they so successful as to satisfy the most extreme among their number, no power on earth could prevent the spread of education from gradually undermining their position. Provided this education is of the right type, which is in the main the broad system outlined by Sir Gordon Guggisberg and discussed in more detail by the Rev. A. G. Fraser, the trustee nations need not fear that Africa will not "pull her weight" in the commonwealth that is the world.

## CONGO GODS

By Otto Lutken

A sincere story of Europeans engaged in the hypocritical business of taking up the white man's burden. —St. Louis Post Dispatch  
A book that is different. Unmistakably refreshing. —Phila. Ledger \$2.00